



THE

Tatler

SUMMER NUMBER

& Bystander 2s. weekly 7 June 1961



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(right) **Corona**
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and jacket. The jacket
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charcoal with new-green,
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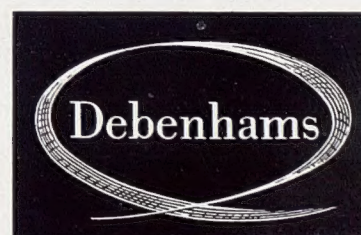
Cavaletto (right)

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Italian Fashion at

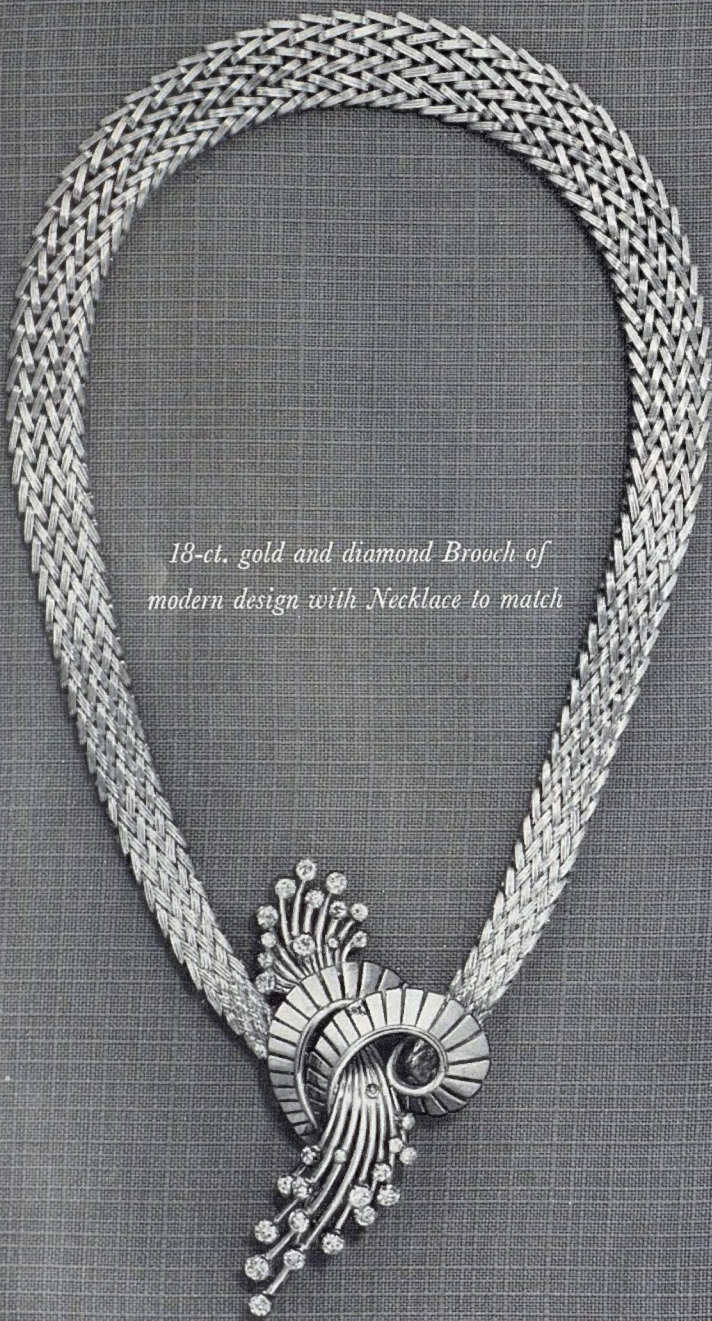


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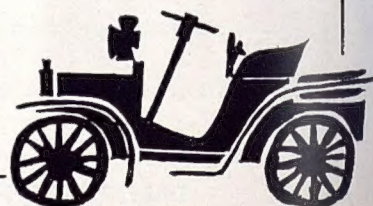


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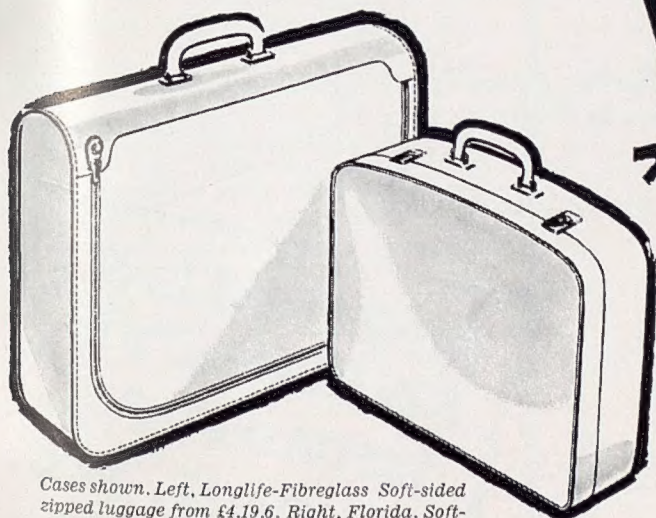
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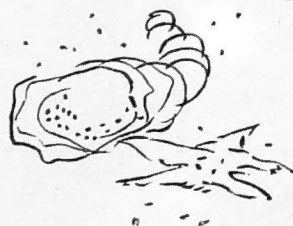
COTTON/STRIPED two-piece, comprising shorts and shirt, by ROSLEIN OF FLORENCE. In Red, Navy, Coffee or Lime, all with White. Bust sizes 34, 36, 38, 40.

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PLAYDECK — SECOND FLOOR



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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

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Summer Number

7 JUNE 1961

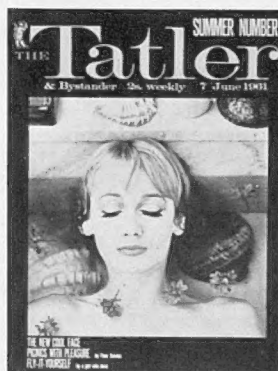
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PRESCRIPTION FOR BRIGHTER DAYS

THREE ideas for making the best of summer while it lasts: 1. Learn to picnic and enjoy it. . . . 2. Spend some evenings amid the sudden spate of London's zingy revues. . . . 3. Take up flying. To start with picnics, are you one of those who are never really comfortable at them? Fleur Cowles, who so adores picnics that she even paints them (see page 571), will put you right, and Penelope Turing (page 575) supplies some recommended spots for getting down to it. . . . This advice wouldn't be much good to Helen Best-Devereux, who flies to her picnics. She thinks nothing of hopping across the Channel and setting down in a French *pré*, along with husband and babies. With new light planes coming on to the market, her kind of fun (page 592) becomes a serious proposition. . . . But if you're stuck in London, try revue. The West End's flourishing revues. The four current winners are featured on page 563. . . .

The cover:

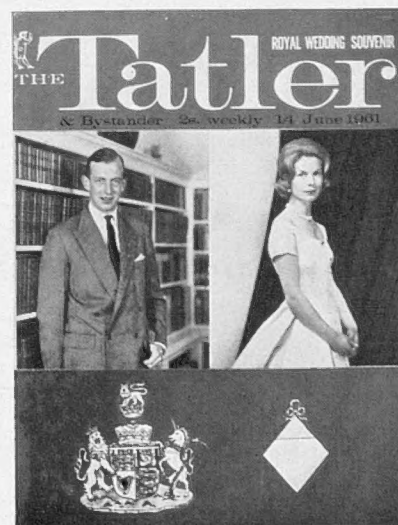


Playing it cool, this girl takes to the pool in the window of John Junior's in Thurlow Place, S.W.7. Her new cool make-up is a Helena Rubinstein combination consisting of Luminescent powder, Pink Flare lipstick, Star Sapphire eyeshadow rimmed with Pearl. Photograph by BARRY WARNER. For more about the Under-Water Make-Up Game, turn to page 590

Next week:

ROYAL WEDDING SOUVENIR ISSUE

The Duke of Kent's wedding to Miss Katharine Worsley tomorrow will be commemorated in a special number of The Tatler, out next week. A multi-page section of photographs will record the scene at York Minster, and Muriel Bowen will describe who was there. Duthy will sketch fashion points observed among the guests. The Duke's career will be recalled in flashback. It will be a complete souvenir of this popular wedding, priced at The Tatler's usual 2s. Warning: The souvenir number on Princess Margaret's wedding was quickly sold out, and many people were disappointed. To be sure of a copy reserve yours at W. H. Smith's, Wyman's or any other bookstall



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ADELPHI LONDON W.C.2 (TRAFALGAR 7020)

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Royal Tournament, at Earls Court, to 17 June.

"Rockingham Castle" (illustrated lecture) by Comdr. Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Bt., R.N. (retd), today, at Overseas House, Park Place, S.W.1, in aid of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

Antique Dealers' Fair, at Grosvenor House to 22 June. (See Collector's Commentary, page 591.)

Gala performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" & "Pagliacci" (to be attended by the Queen Mother) tomorrow, at Covent Garden, in aid of the Royal Opera House Benevolent Fund.

O.K.S. Midsummer Ball, 10 June, at King's School, Canterbury. Tickets from the Ball Secretary, Precincts 25, Canterbury.

Lords v. Commons Golf Match, 10 June, at Walton Heath, Surrey.

Royal Ascot Meeting, 13 to 16 June.

Guards Boat Club Ascot Ball, 14 June at Maidenhead.

Gala performance of "Bye Bye Birdie", 16 June, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in aid of the Hospital of St. John & St. Elizabeth. Tickets from Miss I. Edwards, 2a Trebeck Street, W.1.

May Balls at Cambridge (12 June) Clare, Emmanuel, First & Third Trinity, Gonville and Caius, Selwyn, Sidney Sussex; (13 June) Pembroke, St. John's, Trinity Hall; (14 June) Magdalene.

CRICKET

First Test Match, England v. Australia, Edgbaston, 8-13 June.

POLO

Ascot Week tournament, Smith's Lawn, Windsor, 11-18 June.

CROQUET

Men's & women's championships, Roehampton Club, 12-17 June.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. Last performances of season. *Boris Godunov* tonight, 10 June, 7 p.m.; *Lucia di Lammermoor*, 9, 12 June; *Madama Butterfly*, 13, 16 June; *Peter Grimes*, 14 June; *Cavalleria Rusticana & Pagliacci*, 15, 17 June. All 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Festival Hall. B.B.C. Light Music Festival (second concert), 7.30 p.m., 10 June; Poetry & Jazz (Hampstead poets move south) with Spike Milligan, Laurie Lee & others, 8 p.m., 11 June. (WAT 3191.)

Claydon Concert, Claydon House, Bucks. Nadia Boulanger & others, 7 p.m. 11 June. (MAY 5091.)

Lakeside Music, Kenwood, Hampstead. London Philharmonic Orchestra, 8 p.m., 10 June.

ART

Summer Exhibition, Royal Academy, Burlington House.

Chagall Exhibition, O'Hana Gallery, 13 Carlos Place, W.1.

Kuniyoshi Centenary Exhibition, at Victoria & Albert Museum.

Theatres of London (drawings by Timothy Birdsall), at Foyles Art Gallery, Charing Cross Road.

FIRST NIGHTS

Duchess. *Celebration*, tonight.

Westminster. *The Bad Soldier Smith*, 14 June.

Her Majesty's. *Bye Bye Birdie*, 15 June.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 593.

Beyond The Fringe. "... really intelligent, witty and funny ... four mighty fine clowns ... we are kept continuously hooting with laughter." Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore. (Fortune Theatre, TEM 2238.)



TERENCE LE GOUBIN

New-wave director Tony Richardson working on the screen version of *A Taste of Honey* with Rita Tushingham, 19, from *Liverpool Rep*, who plays the anti-heroine. Much of the film is being made on the top floor of a house in Chelsea, as Mr. Richardson believes that studio sets destroy realism

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 594

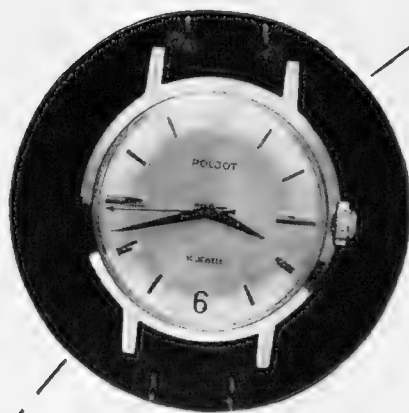
G.R. = General release

Nearly A Nasty Accident. "... a

great deal of good, clean fun and some neat dialogue ... in a story about an enthusiastic A.C.2 who costs the R.A.F. £5,000,000 odd." Jimmy Edwards, Kenneth Connor, Shirley Eaton. G.R.

BRIGGS by Graham





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GOING PLACES LATE

The stakes are down

Douglas Sutherland

AFTER A FEW FALSE BEGINNINGS, gambling in London, under the new Gaming Act, has got off to a flying start. Polish-born John Mills, assisted by his new publicity impresario Lord Kimberley, last week opened **Le Cercle des Ambassadeurs** in the plushy ex-Rothschild mansion off Park Lane, which houses the Milroy and Les Ambassadeurs Restaurant. He thus gave a new dimension to international gambling.

For some years, the near-Regency "buck" extravagances of under-the-counter gamblers have been making whispered headline news around Mayfair. At the same time as clearing from the streets the commercialism of open prostitution, Lord Wolfenden's new act put gambling into its natural place as an accepted expression of human frailty. The sad story of Leslie Romaine, whose Mayfair Club in Berkeley Square attracted cheque-happy gamblers, made me at first apprehensive about the potentials of this dollar-attracting industry. But I have been reassured by the new formula at Le Cercle.

Here the tables are operated in three financial categories. Minimum stakes at the three tables are £3, £5 and £10. Top-rating croupiers are

in charge of each table, and each one can claim a long record of serving the rich and *les autres* from Deauville to Monte Carlo.

Membership is drawn from existing members of Les Ambassadeurs, but to qualify for Le Cercle still entails a stringent examination of social acceptability—which means you have to get on well with your bank manager.

The Kimberley-Mills opening party was notable for the high incidence of that oddly classless group known as Café Society. In one corner I listened to John Churchill, the society painter, discussing a subject related neither to society nor painting. And in another corner Shirley Bassey was being highly intelligent about modern poetry with playwright Charles Hamblett. Incidentally, Hamblett, who has just returned from Hollywood, was just as excited about the LP record he had made of his poems with an American 'jazz' background as he was about his new play, *The Barbecue*, which London playgoers will see in the autumn.

How well can this new gambling venture expect to do? Apart from the Mayfair Club, first off the starting-blocks was the delightful

twice-weekly gambling-room run above Three Green Street. Proprietor Stanislaw Mikula was an honoured guest at fellow-Pole Johnny Mills's party. He tells me that his gaming room is playing to good business.

Mills, too, aims to fill his house every night, and I have little doubt that with his unique collection of "Les A" international spenders he will keep the cards coming fast off the three "shoes." Members are tactfully warned to bring their own money, and cheques can only be cashed by virtue of Ambassadeur status rating. This, of course, makes the amount recoverable by law—important, for though Lord Wolfenden made gaming legal, gambling debts are still irrecoverable. But the chief safeguard is a long history of John Mills's great gift of assessing the payability of his members.

Odd spot: The only game, apart from housey-housey, which the new Act is considered to legitimize is *chemin-de-fer*, where each player has an equal chance of winning. In France, of course, the profit of the house is made through the *cagnotte*. At the tables at Le Cercle the *cagnotte* is sealed off, and the telephone number AMBASSADOR Fifty-Fifty is a fair description of the rules under which chemistry will be played in clubs in these misty islands.

Cabaret calendar

Talk of the Town (REG 5051)

Sophie Tucker and the Ten O'Clock Follies

Savoy (TEM 4343) *Henri Salvador, French mime, with the Savoy dancers*

Celebrity (HYD 7636) *Chiquita Carlos, dancer with supporting variety*

Society (REG 0565) *Jan Mearl, American singer*

Colony (MAY 1657) *Hutch*

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) *Harriett & Evans, coloured entertainers*

Winston's Club (REG 5411)

Danny La Rue produces and stars in a new show This is Yournightlife, with Johnny Webb and all-star cast

Astor (GRO 3181) *Franz Linel, French singer and Diana London*

Hungaria (WHI 4222) *Shani Wallis*



Patti Page, the American singer, tops a lively bill at the Pigalle until June 17

GOING PLACES TO EAT

The beckoning terraces

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane. The Terrace Room. (MAY 8888.) This elegant new restaurant is air-conditioned, and built out to include the terrace looking down on Park Lane. With a green carpet and wall drapings and curtains in Regency style rose and white it is a proper setting for dancing to the Dorchester Music, directed by Albert Marland (said to be the largest restaurant band in London). Terroni is the manager, and dishes prepared at the table are a feature. They include *Supreme de Volaille Terrace* and *Fraises Romanoff*. *Maître chef* Eugene Kaufeler is making the Terrace Room his especial care. W.B.

De Vere Hotel, De Vere Gardens, Kensington. (KNI 0051.) The Opera Bar and the Summer Terraces here

are a delightful new meeting place. One room of the bar is a contemporary Museum of Opera, with gifts and loans from private collections and opera houses the world over. The two summer terraces, leading from the Opera Bar and restaurant and overlooking Kensington Gardens, have specially designed furniture and awnings depicting the glory of wine. It was here that the Wine and Food Society held its recent tasting of Arbois wines.

Peter Evans Eating Houses, 1 Kingly Street (just off Regent Street: REG 7460) and 78 Kensington High Street (opposite Barkers: WES 8282). Open mid-day to midnight Monday to Saturday. Peter Evans, a young man, has planned for young people. An adequate three-course meal costs 16s. 6d. without drinks. Steaks from 6s. 6d. upwards are of high quality, the *scampi*, 5s. 6d. or

8s. 6d., something special. So is the baked jacket potato served with sour cream and chives. The pleasant décor is by another young man, David Hicks, who is a co-director. At Kingly Street you take your bottle or send out; Kensington is fully licensed. W.B.

The Chinese Lantern, 4 Thackeray Street, off Kensington Square. (WES 4981.) "The best Chinese food I have eaten since I left Peking." This comment is to be found in the visitors' book. As it was written by an old friend of mine with a great knowledge of Oriental cooking it is a tribute worth noting. The restaurant is small and in the traditional Chinese style. Two charming Chinese girls provide not only swift and efficient service, including all the Chinese tea you want (throughout the meal), but the information the non-expert needs about the various dishes. And the cost? A guinea a head, and no extras, for the Festival Dinner. W.B.

On the river

It is pleasant to return to a place one knew 30 years ago and find it as

good, if not better, than ever. The Thames resorts are coming back into their own and the **Casino Hotel**, Tagg's Island, Hampton Court (MOLESEY 4311), reminds us of this fact. There is a fine restaurant overlooking the river, there is dancing, and the food is excellent. On the same floor are two comfortable bars. The latest development is a Scandinavian Bar at river level, designed particularly for those coming straight off their boats who don't want to bother to dress up. You can have *smorgasbord* or a full meal in it. In the restaurant you can eat well for 25s. and the good wines are moderately priced. W.B.

Wine note

Wrong number? According to the Wine Guide prepared by the Wine and Food Society the Rhone wines of 1957 are graded at 4, the best being 7. Having drunk recently several bottles of Chateaufort du Pape (red) in various parts of the country I feel that the classification is too low, and should be at least 6, if not 7. Anyhow, the wine of this year can be bought for 12s. per bottle, and it is first class value for the money.

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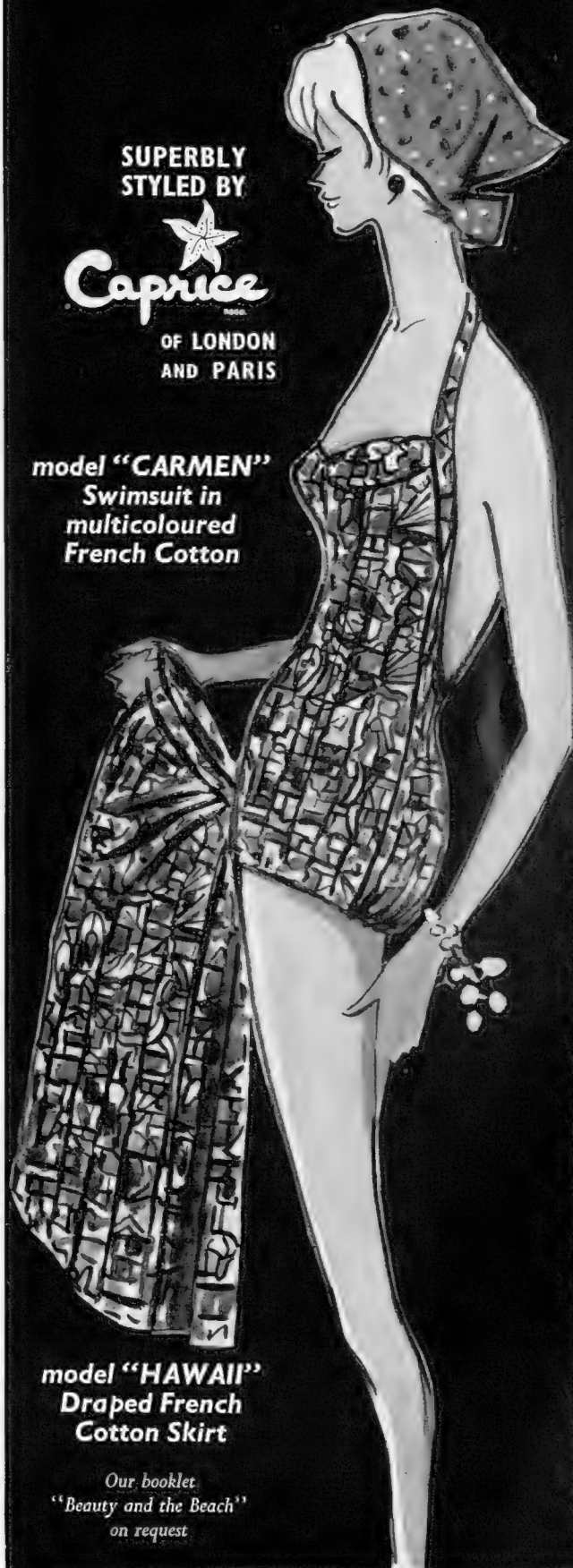


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GOING PLACES ABROAD

Somewhere in August

Doone Beal

MAJORCA AND SICILY IN THE SPRING; Monte Carlo, the French Riviera and Scandinavia in June and early July; the Lebanon, Portugal and Greece in late summer—but where to go if you are stuck with two weeks in impossible August? The implication of holidaying in August is that it is a family holiday, dictated by conventions—school holidays among them—which no amount of public relations and persuasion has yet moved anybody to shift. Lacking a private villa or access to somebody else's, the island resorts with a handful of hotels are out. It seems sensible, therefore, to go somewhere that is equipped to take the crowds.

Sophisticated Italians rather wince at the mention of Rimini: at least, that is what I found reactions to be when I announced my intention of visiting it, in the teeth of its most crowded season, last August. It is commonly regarded as Italy's Coney Island, and a far cry indeed from the esoteric, rock-pool life that goes on, for example, in Porto Fino and Capri. Having expected the worst, I was therefore pleasantly surprised when I saw it. To me the point about Rimini is that it is at least good of its kind: unashamedly a full-scale resort, with no chi-chi about it, catering for family holidays, so predominantly Italian is its clientele that the visiting British, of whom there are also a large number, get swallowed up into anonymity.

Though Rimini is associated with Julius Caesar's crossing of the

Rubicon, this now insignificant little dried-up stream, and the bridge and arch of Augustus, are not what most people come to Rimini for. Its miles of soft sand and shallow, milky waters are backed by a solid line of hotels, *pensione*, cafés and shops which now merge imperceptibly with the resort towns of Riccione and Cattolica, making virtually a 10-mile stretch in all. Riccione is the smartest.

I thought the Savioli Spiaggia Hotel, on the yacht basin, by far the most attractive, if—invariably—also one of the most expensive. But sailing is free to hotel guests, rates being around £3 3s. a night, *demi-pension*, for a room with bath. And if you have a large family, you can stay in the area (of which Cattolica is perhaps the simplest and cheapest part) for considerably less.

An advantage of taking one's young to any of these resorts, apart from the fact that this is one of the cheapest parts of Italy, is that there is something left to do in the evening when they are in bed. Shops stay open until 11 p.m., and sometimes later; there are pleasant open-air night-clubs such as Limaea (in Rimini), the Excelsior, and the Moulin Rouge in Cattolica. In fact, with open-air cinemas, thousands of cafés and *pizza* stands, its night life positively hums.

Right at the end of the line, beyond Cattolica, is the fishing village of Gabbice Mare. To reach it, you make a one-minute crossing on the ferry. Whether this small

stretch of water is what has kept the fishing-village atmosphere of the place intact, I do not know, but I can say that even in August, one might have been a million miles away from the resorts. There is only a harbour, a village street, and a couple of simple hotels (the Adriatica and the Admiral-Astor). Another point is that one is on the road to Pesaro and Ancona. Pesaro is interesting as an art city, and this, the area known as the Marches, is one of the simplest and most refreshingly unexploited in Italy, especially when you leave the coast and get up into the hills.

Viareggio is Rimini's *vis-à-vis* on the Mediterranean coast. Backed almost abruptly by mountains, and by pine woods stretching nearly to the shore, it is physically more beautiful. Its whole atmosphere is pre-dated to around 1910, when it was one of the most fashionable resorts on the coast. It has a solid, patrician air with its stubby palm trees lining the promenade and some hotels which have seen better days but retain a certain atmosphere.

Again, the beach is superb. It is one of the few I know in Italy which is organized like those of the French Riviera with beach restaurants, bars, umbrellas and mattresses. Similarly, you pay to use it. Again, the shops—including some hair-dressers—are open until midnight. The Caprice and La Bussola are the mainstays of its night-clubs, together with the Trocadero Campana, Margherita and Nettuno—and, in woods behind the front, Perla del Bosco and Casa del Tiglio.

Viareggio is less informal than Rimini (also less cheap), and although men do not dress much in the evenings, women do. There are several boutiques on the promenade from houses in Rome, Florence and Milan which pull at the purse strings and nag the sartorial conscience. What better time to take a man shopping than after dinner?

Food, influenced by the Livornaise cuisine, can be extremely good and is, as always, better enjoyed in cafés and restaurants than in hotels. Just near the old market place (which incidentally merits some detailed exploration) is a small but excellent *trattoria* called Fedi. The smart place, which is starred in the Italian Michelin, is Tito's, by the port. It is elegant, expensive, and, I am told, well worth it.

Like Rimini, Viareggio is not too far from some interesting places to see. Pisa is only 30 minutes away, and Lucca even closer.

Cunard-Eagle Airways fly direct to both Rimini and Pisa; a mid-week night flight at £31 11s. for Pisa; £32 4s., for Rimini. Children under 12 get a 50 per cent reduction. Hotel-Plan and Flair Tours both have some good-value holidays. Snags are that one is faced with full-board accommodation and not always the best bedrooms, but sometimes the rates compensate.

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THE TATLER
7 JUNE 1961



Revue has a revival

IN LESS TIME than it takes to say *Beyond The Fringe* you can count the number of London revues. Out of 40-odd theatres three are showing revues—a fourth opens on 19 June. This may not sound a thunderous revival but it's more than most revue-fanciers can remember for a long time. And what makes it especially satisfying is that many of the revue sketches have a new edge to their fun. Revues went through a slow period a few

On the Brighter Side at the Phoenix. Judy Carne, Betty Marsden and Pip Hinton make *A Plea for the Throne*, asking: "Where in Hades is the ladies in the Lords?"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROMANO CAGNONI

years back when you had to be a member of Equity, know Debrett backwards, and *enjoy* songs about hat-check girls pining for Mr. Right in order to exit laughing happily. Now targets are changing, and the revue big guns are sighted squarely on subjects anyone who reads the papers can laugh at—especially if you have a working knowledge of income tax and the Parliamentary system. Londoners are still not in the enviable position of New Yorkers, who usually have a choice of small off-Broadway revues based on new talent and small budgets. But taking the four revues photographed here as examples, it is safe to say that Wit, as opposed to Knock 'em Down humour, is easing its way back into the British theatre.



Left: In *On the Brighter Side*, Stanley Baxter impersonates the peer who wants to stay a common M.P.:

*"... Gaitskell admits it gave him an idea,
He's trying to have Michael Foot made a peer ..."*



On the Avenue opens at the Lyric, Hammersmith, a week on Friday. Joan Heal sings of the lady who thrives on pills: *"And a Mickey Finn, a dexedrine, an Ephedrin, a Pathedrin"*

Beryl Reid has a sad little number about an American tourist who is not so well off as is generally thought: *"You see it's taken me all of ten years to save up for this trip to Europe and I guess I shan't be able to do it again—ever"*

Revue has a revival
continued



ON THE AVENUE



One Over The Eight, at the Duke of York's, features the pixie wit of Kenneth Williams (far right in the line-up below), here a disturbing influence among peace marchers: *"On one thing we all agree/P-E-A-C-E spells peace"*



ONE OVER THE EIGHT

In another guise, Kenneth Williams becomes a bird-watcher attempting to turn himself into a convincing tree: *"I cannot stress too strongly that birds are no man's fool"*



Beryl Reid, George Rose and Joan Heal indicate Aspects of Affluence in Stepney: *"... if by some peculiar chance we happen to survive, They've promised us a council house in 1985..."*



Nan Kalo mourns in the *Ballad of the Sad Young Men*: *"Autumn turns the leaves to gold, slowly dies the heart, Sad young men are growing old, that's the cruellest part"*



Beyond The Fringe at the Fortune combines the protean talents of Jonathan Miller, Peter Cook, Alan Bennett and Dudley Moore, who also wrote the entire show. Below they indulge in a wild Shakespearcan parody, *The End of the World*. Across the bottom, Jonathan Miller plots the mind of Lord Nelson (or is it Napoleon?) before the Battle of Trafalgar



Imagine . . .

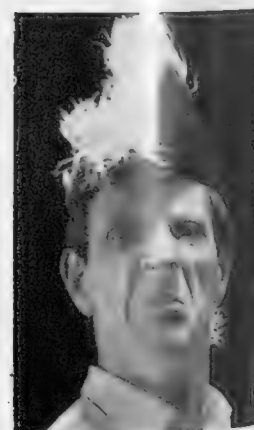
. . . his thoughts . . .

. . . on that . . .

. . . fateful day.



BEYOND THE FRINGE



**Revue
has a
revival**
concluded



VAN HALLAN

Big turnout at Garthorpe, near Melton Mowbray, for the Melton Hunt's point-to-point. More pictures overleaf

MURIEL HOWEN: *social notes*

Ascot's new Queen Elizabeth grandstand was unveiled last week—and what a surprise! Somehow I thought this vast expanse of concrete—lofty, modern and functional—sits well amid the soft surroundings of green lawns and pale brick. On race days when it's full and the flowers bloom in their boxes it will mean more people seeing the horses at Ascot than ever have done before. The **Duke of Norfolk**, the Queen's Representative, shy as usual and with his wry sense of humour, was looking pleased. This new £1 million stand, a courageous decision, will quieten all those people who in recent years have complained that Ascot's facilities were greatly overcrowded.

I asked him about the boxes. For years more and more people have been wanting boxes at Ascot and there have not been enough to go round. "Now with 280 boxes we have nearly satisfied the demand," he told me. "There are only about 20 people, or fewer, on the waiting list." Just what happens to the boxes when people die has always been quite a talking point among people who want to get them. In many racecourses it's a tradition that boxes go from father to son. "At Ascot it all depends on the relationship," the Duke told me. "Naturally if a son has no interest in racing we try to discourage him taking on the box, as he's only going to pass it on to a friend anyway." Most people in the box queue would not quarrel with that.

The boxes in the new stand are much more

accessible than the old ones, now demolished. Bottlenecks have been eliminated and a moving stairway leads up part of the way. People with boxes on the middle tier are especially fortunate as their private luncheon rooms have a picture window overlooking the course. This means not only more viewing space, but a bigger box party.

My only criticism of this new stand is that the boxes lack finish. Whoever thought of having the kitchen sink as the first thing to be seen when you open the door? The low partitions dividing the boxes are also ugly—just a plank topped by a length of tubular piping. The intimate feeling that one expects to find in a box could have been provided by having a divide solid to the floor.

When the new stand is extended to the Royal Enclosure (it will go over the top of the present Royal Box) there will be an opportunity for refinements. I heard the end of 1962 mentioned as the likely time for the extension to commence.

THE BEST POINT-TO-POINT?

In Leicestershire for the weekend I went to the Melton Hunt Club point-to-point. There's not much ceremony at point-to-points and Mr. **Tim Nicolson** got the biggest cheer of the day when he turned the Harry Bennion Challenge Cup upside down immediately after it was presented to him. It had an inch of rain in the

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Mr. H. Cowell (second on Diogenes) and Mr. G. Harington (the winner on Essandem) taking the last fence

Mrs. William Smith took pictures from which she paints miniatures

Mrs. G. A. Murray Smith (joint-Master of the Quorn) and Mr. J. Atkins



MURIEL BOWEN *continued*



The Melton Hunt's Po

bottom! Mr. Nicolson comes from the Chiddingfold & Leonfield country and is the son-in-law of Mr. John Rogerson.

This is probably the best point-to-point of the year with horses coming from all over the country and Mr. R. L. Newton, the honorary secretary, runs it well.

Leaving behind the signs marked RACES I looked for those marked DANCE. They led to Friars Well, the Melton Mowbray home of Mr. John King, joint-Master of the Belvoir, & Mrs. King. The Melton Hunt Club ball was the perfect end to a day at the races, during which few people made any money. Sorrows were quickly forgotten, apart from those of a certain peer who still looked a bit sad.

Lt.-Col. Hugo Beddington, Brig. & Mrs. "Tubby" Cooper (I hear her new-found hobby of golf is rapidly becoming as good as her cooking), Lord & Lady James Crichton-Stuart, and Major & Mrs. Robert Hoare all helped the evening.

Mr. Alastair McCorquodale (former Olympic silver medallist and still the fastest white man on earth) explained why the organizers looked so pleased when the Earl of Lanesborough arrived: "Denis is quite the best person in Leicestershire when it comes to making a party go."

People dancing: Mr. & Mrs. Billy Tellywright (both successful point-to-point riders), Mrs. Tony Murray-Smith wearing one of the loveliest



Miss Andrea Young and Mr. Martin Petre.
Left: The Earl of Lanesborough and Mrs. R. Bissill.
Above left: the hall at Friars Well

Mrs. Eric Crosfield, her husband Captain Eric Crosfield and Mr. Robin Abel Smith





Captain the Hon. Rupert Watson. Above left: Sir Henry Tate, Steward of the Meeting. Above right: Miss Elizabeth Browning with movie camera



Miss Pat Newton weighed in after winning the Ladies Race, Division One, on Go Forward. With her are National Hunt jockey Mr. Tim Molony and Mr. R. L. Newton



PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN

int-to-point day ends with a ball

At the dance, the **Hon. Rupert Strutt**, the **Hon. William Rollo** whom I saw doing a key-looking quick-step with pretty Miss "Muffet" Henderson, and **Capt. Christopher Roxby**, with his fiancée, Miss **Vai Pettifer**.

It was an evening with a certain amount of incident. When I met **Mr. Tom Jones**, the Newmarket trainer, he was cross because his wife had lost on the way. But at least she did get there. **Mr. Al Read** arrived from Blackpool 50 minutes after it finished. ("Difficult place to find his Melton Mowbray," he said to me next day over a cocktail. "I don't suppose people often trouble to come here from Blackpool!")

A 21st AT CHERKLEY

Another good evening was the dance given by **Mr. & Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles** for the coming-of-age of their son **Andrew**. It took place at the Garden House, Cherkley, home of the **Hon. Max & Mrs. Aitken**. Mrs. Parker Bowles and her sister Mrs. Aitken did it superbly. A large marquee was built on to the side of the house and one entered it through the French windows from the drawing-room down semi-circular stone steps. The marquee itself was draped in white lawn and decorated with shell pink roses, gilt wall brackets and chandeliers. The windows looked out on floodlit banks of blue and pink hydrangeas.

It was a cordial mixture of Army—Andrew is

with the Blues—and racing. The **Earl & Countess of Derby** were there, **Sir Nicholas & Lady Nuttall**, **Col. & Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon**, **Lady Anne Tree**, **Lord & Lady Lovat**, **Mr. & Mrs. Fulke Walwyn**, and **Sir Vyvyan Naylor-Leyland**. There was so much to talk about the Derby changes that many of the guests skipped such energetic diversions as hotted-up Charlestons and talked about their friends' horses.

The pity was that **Sir Humphrey de Trafford**, who had given the party to his grandson as a 21st birthday present, wasn't there to enjoy it. (He and **Lady de Trafford** didn't come because of the death of the **Duchess of Marlborough**.)

The party went spinning on until dawn lay



Above: Mr. John King, the Belvoir's joint-Master, and his wife

The floodlit entrance to Friars Well, home of Mr. & Mrs. John King at Wartnaby near Melton Mowbray, where the Melton Hunt Club ball was held





Count Zoppi receives the Danish Ambassador and his wife, Madame de Steensen-Leth



Lord Boothby



Mrs. I. Salvatore

ITALIAN FAREWELL

The Italian Ambassador, Count Zoppi, gave a parting cocktail party at his home in Grosvenor Square. He was leaving for the United Nations in New York after more than six years in London

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP TOWNSEND

Lord Dunsany (*below*) with Lady John Cholmondeley. *Above*, Viscount Hambleden and Loelia Duchess of Westminster



MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

just over the high trees. Mr. Max Aitken had his own little party in the kitchen (why ever do people usually choose the study for this sort of thing—there is much more to be said for being near the fridge?). Here those who like their fun in boats were able to get away from the horse fraternity.

Upstairs on the flat roof over the kitchen a night club had been built. Its walls were draped in pleated cherry-colour lawn and it led out on to a small courtyard with garden furniture and lighted by a full moon. Here I saw Mr. Billy Wallace, Viscount Elveden, Miss Diana Sheffield, Miss Candida Betjeman ("I do typing in Newbury now and it's so boring"), Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, the Hon. Simon Lennox-Boyd, and Miss Charmian Scott, the Duchess of Gloucester's beautiful niece.

AMBASSADOR'S LEAVE-TAKING

When the Italians give a party the ingredients are always and wonderfully the same: lots of pretty women and interesting men. The one given by Count Vittorio Zoppi, the Italian Ambassador, was no exception. Viscountess Lewisham wore one of her fabulous hats, a concoction of aquamarine flowers. Lady Pamela Berry was, as usual, being listened to by two of the most interesting men there—Mr. "Ted" Heath, the Lord Privy Seal, and Lord Gladwyn, who had come from discussing the Common Market on TV. He and Lady Gladwyn now divide their time between London and the country.

Lord & Lady Maneroft were both looking sun tanned. They drove from the airport to the party, having returned from a long Whitsun spent visiting the châteaux of the Loire.

Some others there: the Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, Minister of Civil Aviation (helping out his Italian, at one point, with gesticulations), Lord & Lady Grantchester, Mr. Henry Tiarks, just back from Moscow, and Very Rev. Fr. Corbishley, S.J., who is Rector at Farm Street. He told me he is busy working on several books. One is on the late Monsignor Ronald Knox.

Count Zoppi (his successor, Signor Pietro Quaroni, arrives this week) said that for him the party was a sad occasion. He has since left for New York to head the Italian mission at the U.N. Already that's an achievement in one-upmanship. "As head of the Mission I've got a house in New York," he told me. Most heads of missions, including our own Sir Patrick Dean, have to make do with flats.

PICNIC WITH PLEASURE!

*An addict whose passion for outdoor eating
has delighted gnats on two continents,
FLEUR COWLES expounds the proven
principles and the essential fare*



PICNIC FOR PLEASURE

continued



What happens when the picnic bug gets you: Fleur Coxles (right) eats out with Cary Grant and Letsy Drake on the bedroom floor of a Madrid hotel

PICNIC: orig.: a fashionable social entertainment at which each person contributed food to a common table; now, as an excursion or pleasure party the food for which is usually supplied by members in the group and is eaten in the open air.
Webster's Unabridged



As a serious disciple of the art (or is it science?) of eating and drinking out of doors—under trees, on rocks, on logs, on the dunes at beach or desert, beside a running brook, or even standing upright by the side of a road with the bonnet of a car for a table—I don't always agree with other disciples on what makes a perfect picnic.

For me, it must be a meal eaten away from home, away from cities, and out of sight of human dwellings. It cannot be eaten in the garden, on the terrace, or in a patio, or under your own great elm on the back lawn. You must take a picnic *away* to eat elsewhere. You must eat it with your fingers. Personally, I prefer the ones where the food is the sort that would be clumsy if set out on a proper table.

A certain amount of hazard is worth negotiating—like rough stones, small hills and ants—because it adds to the ultimate contentment of a place well-found. No one must join in who doesn't feel picnic-y or who doesn't go well with Nature, or who needs spiritual or any other sort of persuasion. A dog is fine, but a stranger isn't. Only people close to each other should picnic together. What they then eat, each as hungry and as happy as the other, they will savour more than a banquet, no matter how plain. For some reason, wine poured into jugs tastes better in the countryside than wine from bottles. A bread knife should be the only eating utensil allowed, or a pocket-knife for paring off cheeses in hunks (as I've watched the shepherds do in Southern Europe with such relish).

One can rarely be sure of weather, but unexpected thunderstorms and lightning create such a tumult and panic that any precaution to avoid them (even to cancelling the day) is worth it. Your position under a tree could cost your life (where else would you be eating if the sun is high?).

Picnics need not always be noonday affairs. The "regulars" often choose an hour near twilight—when all sounds seem lessened, colours become more eloquent and hunger pangs more vibrant. If you are eating by the sea, there is a special quality to a twilight meal; changing lights on the water play a magnificent score before your eyes. The red glow that follows does eventually bring darkness with it, but it means an added preciousness to every lingering moment of daylight.

Back in the U.S.A. we used to keep our New England clam-bakes and lobster grills for just such twilight picnics. Back there, as a matter of fact, the picnic has a quite different tradition to England's. American picnics were originally instituted as bait to encourage men to work in great numbers at community tasks—the social events which were the reward for hard labour. Barns were raised, wheat was threshed, corn was husked, trees were felled, stockades were built or enlarged, and, all the while, women were preparing great feasts in the shade to spur them on. The gregarious pleasure pioneer men and women got out of eating out-of-doors together has remained as a social custom in U.S.A. and it covers an immense picnic-gamut—all the way from two-by-the-brook to a mile-long-row of tables under the trees at the annual Iowa Picnic.

However, at the top of the social scale almost anywhere in earth, there is one picnic with very special manners—for which there are plenty of royal precedents—the *fête champêtre*. With its carefully measured elegance, this is really the royal ballet of picnics—all protocol, all décor, all decorum. In Anna Karenina's day men and women rode out to these elegant *alfresco* meals in lavish coaches. Beautiful linen and china, crystal goblets, silver buckets (and silken pillows to sit on) were packed and



Getting away from it all the French way—a scene from *Dejeuner sur l'Herbe*, a film directed by Jean Renoir

ser ahead with all the servants and footmen, who transformed mountain meadows into short-term palaces. In their hampers were such things as iced champagne, cold *poussins*, wild strawberries.

It was going on all last century in Russia and France and Spain and England, and it is happening again in the forests outside Versailles, in Frascati

near Rome and at the four-minute steeplechase at America's Maryland Hunt (which has become such a vast all-day picnic) not to mention our own car park at Ascot and the meadows of Glyndebourne. But even these fail to live up in opulence to the English antecedents—specifically Mr. Pickwick's. His jolly open barouches, crowded with giggly ladies and lusty gentlemen, had their vast hampers of cold fowls,

PICNIC WITH PLEASURE!

continued

Family luncheon picnic

My Basic Ham Sandwich Picnic

OR

Cold fried chicken with watercress sandwiches

OR

Cold meat balls or cold sliced meat-loaf with rye bread sandwiches spread with mustard butter

Variety of cold raw vegetables (cauliflower bits, radishes, onions, carrots, tomatoes, stuffed eggs)

OR

Thickly sliced pot roast to stuff inside individual rolls.

OR

Sliced chicken to add to soft white rolls, already filled with chopped celery salad in mayonnaise

OR

Rare roast beef to put between rye bread already spread with horse-radish butter

Children seem to love sandwiches made on the spot, using biscuits instead of bread

FOLLOWED BY

Fresh fruits, and homemade cake, wine, beer, coffee or milk (or any, or all)

Teenagers' delights

Variety, in large quantities, is the key. Send them off with:

Assorted breads (including small French loaves)

Assorted pickles and relishes

Home-made fillings for sandwich spreads

Cream cheese and olives

Cream cheese and chives

Peanut butter and jelly

Assortment of cheeses

Butter, mayonnaise, mustard

Quantities of milk (both chocolate-flavoured and plain)

Fruit drinks and beer

Chocolate-frosted chocolate cake

Give them a big bread board to use to create their sandwiches (and a big Cellophane bag to stuff rubbish in instead of leaving it behind)

Food while motoring

There is one basic ritual for professional tourists in Europe. It consists of one stop—in the last village before mealtime—to buy warm bread, some newly-made butter, a hunk of cheese, a few onions and a bottle of local wine. The only thing left to worry about is your choice of a place to stop and eat it, peasant fashion

For more finicky motorists, in this country or anywhere, this is a more lavish variation:

A tin of *pâte de foie gras* (to spread on the bread you've just bought), good eaten together with

sliced Copenhagen ham

or

boned chicken

and

Lettuce hearts or chicory (dressing bought in a jar)

Tomatoes

Radishes

Relishes

Fresh fruit, or cheeses, or both

Wine or beer or milk

or

hot coffee in Thermos

Begin with

Champagne served with smoked salmon and cream cheese sandwiches on rye bread

or

Caviar and chopped onion and hard-boiled eggs on pumpernickel slices

or

Lobster salad in tiny scones

or

Melon Rafrachis (one chilled melon with powdered ginger shaken over the slices on the site)

Followed by

Individual cold grouse or poussins served with individual buttered rolls

or

Thinly sliced saddle of lamb with garlic butter and parsley on rye bread

or

Chickengalantine (with string bean & artichoke salad)

For dessert

Raspberry sherbet served with whole berries as garnish

or

Stemmed whole strawberries to be dipped in powdered sugar, with petit fours on the side

or

Individual fruit turn-overs

or

Pots of bar-le-duc jelly with individual French cream cheeses and thin wafers

Followed by

Lots of cheeses, and Thermoses of hot coffee

CHAMPAGNE IS SERVED ALL THROUGH THE MEAL, A BRUT FIRST AND A LESS DRY ONE WITH DESSERT

PICNIC WITH PLEASURE!

continued

tongues and hams and much-to-drink tied on in cases behind.

Though the origin of the word picnic is claimed by every land, it was probably first used in England by Chesterfield in 1748. The custom of contributing to a common meal by members of a group became so prevalent among fashionable people that by the early 19th century a Picnic Society was formed in London, and their Pickwickian overtones have survived to this day. Though their counterparts tend to whisk out of places like London and Bath and Chester in fast sports cars, they still sit on the same logs and sip the same drinks. In U.S.A. they are usually now drinking vodka, followed by Moët & Chandon—and spooning fat heaps of caviare from hunks of ice (which they've probably carted a half-hundred miles).

As for me, the deep meadow weeds and ageing

mosses happen to suit better. I maintain that only informal conditions make true picnicking—and that food ought to be in keeping. For this reason, one homely object remains for me BASIC PICNIC FARE: A long French loaf, split lengthwise, its insides spread with unsalted butter.

The best thing to do to it after that, in my view, is to cover the bottom with layers of paper-thin sliced ham. The top is then put back on and both wrapped together with a large cloth which should ultimately become a table-setting under the trees at your destination. Just before eating, someone should be appointed to sit on the wrapped loaf to press and flatten it down. Odd how this adds to the ability to bite into something twice too big to get at otherwise. Large and generous slices, accompanied by iced tomato juice, with or without dollops of gin or vodka, or beer or wine, for adults and milk for children mean picnic at its finest to me.

Variations on fillings for this giant sandwich are many—and they range from “mouse cheese” to chicken salad, or cream cheese spiked with red caviare (cheaper, tastier used this way than the grey or black pearls). I often add chopped chives or a package of dehydrated onion soup mix (whipped *dry*) into the cream cheese instead.

One short step-up in elegance is the little roasted chicken, cut in pieces for fingers, and I hope cooked juicy and not dry, and kept cool but not chilled. For this I like to bring along a pile of bread-and-butter sandwiches stuffed with chopped watercress (and always using a variety of breads). I grow the tiny grape-tomatoes under glass which I like to eat on picnics, and pack them in an air-tight plastic jar with a few ice cubes to help keep them chilled. Normal size tomatoes will also do, unpeeled, of course, and with them clean, cold radishes and plenty of fruit. If the season is right, cherries packed in your ice-bucket with a few cubes are super.

An over-abundance of food is essential. Appetites are like rubber bands away from home, especially if the meal is delayed—as it should be. With a craving tummy, whatever you've towed away with you from home will be an Elysian feast to your companions—and you will be adored for it.

Addiction follows. And there is no known cure.

Menu post- mortems

You never have too much food; whatever you take is always eaten.



Be sure salt and pepper shakers arrive with salt and pepper *inside*. Wrap Cellophane over their heads with rubber bands to be sure.



Try taking a jar of mayonnaise if butter is difficult to transport. Spread on bread, it can be just as delicious with all cold meats and poultry.



Put “perishables” (like butter or cream or soft cheeses) inside one of the new insulated bags lined with waterproof washable material.



Many ready-made sandwiches are best made early and

kept on ice for an hour or two before packing. They're “brand-new” again on arrival.



Peanut butter and jam (children love this combination) and tongue and cheeses *last* longest—especially frozen first (then they're “new” for nearly a day).



If you're taking along chicken salad (or any other salad) to spread between bread when you arrive, marinate it first in French dressing and put it on ice at least for an hour. The acidity helps keep it fresh. In fact, research has proven that the more mayonnaise, vinegar, lemon juice, pickles and relish in your picnic food, the better.



Odd, how many people who shudder at onions normally find they love salted raw onion sandwiches on fresh rye bread with plenty of butter when in the country under a tree.



IAN ADAM

WHERE TO SPREAD THE CLOTH by Penelope Turing

BEDFORDSHIRE

Woburn Abbey 44 miles from London: A.5 to Hockliffe, then A.50; or M.1 to junction with B.557. Park open daily except Mon. 12.30-5 p.m. House 1.30-3.30 p.m. Admission house & park 3s. 6d., children 1s. 6d.; park only 2s. 6d., children 1s. Magnificent grounds, rare deer and bison.

BESKSHIRE

Bisham Woods London—Marlow, 33 miles. Turn W. for Bisham on S. side of Marlow Bridge. Shortly after passing the turning to Bisham Abbey on R., road to Henley-on-Thames winds up in woods.

Finchampstead Ridges London—Wokingham, 33 miles via Ascot. Finchampstead Ridges lie 5 miles W. of Crowthorne Station, 4 miles S. of Wokingham on S. side of B.3348. Woodland and heath-covered hill with fine views over 3 counties.

Hodcote Down London—Newbury, 56 miles on A.4. In Newbury turn R. on A.34. This road leads up on to open downland. There are various places for picnicking along this road, a good spot for view being about 10 miles from Newbury at one of its highest points. Explore side turnings L. also.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Bledlow Ridge London—West Wycombe, 33 miles on A.40. In W. Wycombe take small road R. (not A.4010) which leads over Bledlow Ridge, a wooded spur of the Chilterns, to Chinnor. Branch road R. on top of Ridge leads to Bledlow village. Pleasant walks into the hills from Red Lion Inn.

Cholesbury Common London—Chesham via A.40 & A.413 to Amersham, then A.416. At far end of Chesham take road branching L. for Cholesbury & Tring. About 4 miles from Chesham, Cholesbury is an attractive hamlet facing a gorse-grown common. Very peaceful on weekdays.

Waddesdon Manor grounds London—Waddesdon, 46 miles on A.41. Entrance to grounds in village. Open until 29 Oct. Wed.-Sun. inclusive, 2-6 p.m. Bank holidays 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Picnicking allowed in park out of sight of the house. Admission to park 1s., house (containing the famous

Rothschild collection of 18th-century French decorative art) 3s., Fri. 6s. Children under 12 not admitted.

ESSEX

Blake's Wood London—Chelmsford, 32 miles on A.12. Blake's Wood lies 5 miles E. of Chelmsford, S.W. of Little Baddow & 1 mile N.W. of Eve's Corner, Danbury (A.414). Beautiful woodland, chestnut & hornbeam; famous for wild flowers.

Epping Forest A.11 from London crosses the Forest before reaching Epping (18 miles). Avoid weekends.

Hatfield Forest London—Bishop's Stortford, 31 miles on A.11. At Bishop's Stortford turn R. along A.120 for 3 miles. Hatfield Park lies on S. side of road. More than 1,000 acres of National Trust property; part of ancient royal hunting forest. Rolling wooded country with famous hornbeams. Open rides, good for walking. Car park 1s. 6d.

HAMPSHIRE

Hills near Kingsclere London—Kingsclere, 56 miles via A.30 to Basingstoke, then A.339. In Kingsclere bear L. taking B.3051 which leads S. to Overton. Soon after leaving Kingsclere the road climbs steeply, and 4 miles on crosses the line of the old Roman road from Salisbury to Silchester—worth exploring.

Ludshott Common London—Hindhead, 42 miles on A.3. In Hindhead take B.3002 W. for about 1½ miles. Ludshott Common and Waggoners' Wells form a National Trust estate of nearly 650 acres and include ponds which are the source of the river Wey. Fly and coarse fishing can be had by permit from the Ranger, Summerden, nr. Grayshott.

HERTFORDSHIRE

Ashridge London—Berkhamsted, 29 miles on A.41. At Northchurch about 2 miles on, turn R. for Ashridge, which lies about 3 miles N. Nearly 4,000 acres of wood, bracken-grown heath and open downland. Magnificent old trees. Crossed by several roads. Roadside picnic places crowded at weekends.

KENT

Darent Valley London—Farningham, 19½ miles, A.20. In Farningham turn R., A.225 to Eynsford. In Eynsford turn R. over ford; then take

1st turning on R., then 1st L.; road climbs and there are several hedge gaps leading to good picnic places.

Knole Park London—Sevenoaks, 26½ miles on A.21. Entrance at the Tonbridge end of Sevenoaks, just E. of A.21. Knole Park is open daily to pedestrians free of charge. Cars may be driven to the house only on the days and at times when the state rooms are open (one of the largest private houses in England; magnificent collection of pictures, furniture and objets d'art). Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Bank Holidays April-Oct., 10-12, 2-4.30 p.m.; Nov., Dec., 10-12 2-3.30 p.m. Adm. 3s., Fri., 5s. No bicycles.

OXFORDSHIRE

Minster Lovell London—Minster Lovell, 71 miles on A.40, via Oxford & Witney. The village of Minster Lovell lies just off the main road to the N. A path through the churchyard leads to the ruined manor house—it claims to be the site of the Mistletoe Bough tragedy—on the banks of the Windrush, most attractive with grass and willows.

SURREY

Epsom Downs London—Epsom, 15 miles on A.24. Popular, but still attractive.

SUSSEX

Ashdown Forest London via East Grinstead, 35-40 miles. Forest is crossed by A.22 E. Grinstead—Maresfield via Wych Cross. Roads running E. & W. from Wych Cross. Plenty of space.

Petworth Park London—Petworth, 50 miles via A.3 to Milford, then A.283. Famous house and collection of pictures given to the National Trust by the 3rd Lord Leconfield. Park has great charm and delightful views across one of the lakes to the house, usually open free of charge. Admission to house on Tues., Thurs., Sat. & Bank Holidays until Oct., 2-6 p.m.; 2s. 6d., children 1s. 3d. 1st Wed. of each month except Aug. 5s.

WILTSHIRE

Savernake Forest London—Marlborough, 75 miles on A.4. The main road passes through a corner of this beautiful woodland 2-3 miles before Marlborough. Side turnings L. lead into the Forest.

PICNIC WITH PLEASURE!
CONCLUDED

To take with you

COUNTER SPY



A perfect spot for picnic addicts—Winkworth Arboretum, near Godalming, Surrey, owned by the National Trust; trees and bushes have been planted to enhance a natural beauty spot. Picnicking is allowed anywhere in the preserve, and the only problems are those of packing and serving the open-air meal. Several new ideas for practical equipment in the shops are shown here.

A **folding table** (*in the background*), with four built-in seats, Formica top, aluminium frame, Vynide seats; £14 2s. On it, six Italian **plastic beakers** vividly coloured. Insulated, with air-tight lids, ideal for prepared hot or cold drinks; 35s. the set. All from Fortnum & Mason. From

Asprey, Bond St., an insulated **ice bucket** encased in cane, with cane handles (*on table top*); £6 10s. On the seat, a downy **cushion** in a smart leather zip-up case; several colours, £9 2s. 6d. from Aspreys. By the table a printed plastic **Insulex bag** which retains cold or heat; 39s. 6d. Plastic sachets called Freezella/Thermella for retaining either extremity of temperature for longer periods are 5s. each. Both from large stores everywhere. (*Foreground from left*) usefully capacious willow fruit-picking **basket** from Lord Roberts Workshops; 21s., carriage 2s. 6d. extra. Next, a feather-weight aluminium **folding armchair** with striped Tygan back and seat; £3 5s. from the Army & Navy Stores.



ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD : PHOTOGRAPH BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

Mohair plaid **rug** in dark colours; 7 gns. at Fortnum & Mason.

Telescopic **shooting stick** with pocket containing transistor radio; seat in hide or other leathers; £35 from Aspreys. Striped **canvas bag** big enough for two flasks and sandwich box; 52s. 6d. at Peter Jones. Sirram **boiling stove** which works on bottled gas. Canister and stove pack into a neat lidded square. Stove, 39s. 6d., canisters of gas, 4s. 6d. each, at Peter Jones. **Wicker tray** (set for four) fits into large **hamper** (*behind*) covered with washable Vynide. Space for food and accessories under the tray; £23 10s. at Aspreys. **Two Thermos jars**, one (*behind hamper*) is large with clamp-down lid fitted to take three separate dishes;

£6 16s. 6d. the jar, 22s. 11d. the set of dishes. Other a wide-necked jar with a new leakproof lever-operated stopper; 32s. 9d. Both from departmental and hardware stores everywhere. Burnished chrome **Thermos jug** (2 pints) which could take table wine if it were used for that alone; £8 5s. 5d. at Fortnum & Mason. **Wicker hamper** with saddle-stitched scarlet leather flap-over lid is lined with washable material, is in fact designed for drinks; glasses and bottle opener inside and plenty of room for bottles; £28 10s. from Aspreys. For the solitary wanderer, **picnic case** fitted for one with adjustable shoulder strap. In washable leather material, about 49s. 6d. from stores everywhere.

A coming-out at Lincoln's Inn

MURIEL BOWEN writes: "George Washington," said the carrot-headed young man when the butler asked for his name at Mrs. John Gommès's dance at Lincoln's Inn. "Mr. George Washington," duly called out the butler, to shrieks of laughter. The hostess and her daughter Odile identified Mr. Washington as Mr. Julian Sandys, son of Mr. Duncan Sandys, Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, and grandson of Sir Winston Churchill. Mr. Sandys was immediately followed by another carrot-haired young man. "Your name, sir?" said the butler. "No need to bother," said the young man shyly. He was Mr. Winston Churchill.

It was a particularly happy occasion for Miss Gommès. Last year she was thrown off a horse at the beginning of the season and broke her leg. Her dance was cancelled. And though she went to many of the coming-out dances she was able to dance at only one of them. "Now I can ride horses again as well as dance," she told me with an understandable note of triumph.

The dance was a mixture of her parents' and her own generation. Lord & Lady Kenyon were there, Miss Annabel Hoyer Millar, Mr. & Mrs. Jack Rashleigh Belcher, Mr. Peter Tapsell, M.P., Mr. & Mrs. Billy Abel Smith (her suntan had a wonderful glow as she has only just returned from accompanying her husband on a business trip round the world).

Before the dance Lady Burke gave a dinner party for her daughter Melanie and some of her young friends in the new Terrace Room at the Dorchester. Her husband, Sir Aubrey, was also entertaining that night—in Moscow at the Lenin Hotel—but I doubt if his party was as good as her's. Not all of the older generation though came with their family. Some, with young otherwise busy, decided to come on their own, such as the Hon. David Ormsby-Gore, Minister of State at the Foreign Office, & Mrs. Ormsby-Gore.

Mrs. Gommès had an enormous number of her friends and her daughter's give dinner parties for the dance. Many of them were young marrieds, such as the Hon. Mrs. Buchan of Auchmacoy, Mrs. Piers Dixon, Mrs. David Russell, Mrs. David Rutherford, and the Hon. Mrs. Wells.

"Some young unmarried girls were terribly sporting and gave dinners too," Mrs. Gommès told me. "Jessica Scott-Ellis called up and said, 'Are you pushed for dinner parties because if you are I'd just love to give one for you'." Miss Scott-Ellis runs an advisory service for hostesses with her friend, the Hon. Elizabeth Anson.

Miss Odile Gommès, for whom the dance was given



Miss Rosemary Thomson with Mr. Aubrey Bowden. Right: the Hon. Cecilia Hawke, daughter of Lord & Lady Hawke



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Viscountess Pollington



Two bands played for the dancing in Lincoln's Inn Hall. The trumpeter (right) belongs to the White Elephant band imported from Paris



Lord & Lady Kenyon and (in the picture above them) Miss Sara Inglis-Jones with Mr. Simon Dyer



*Lord & Lady Gladwyn.
He was formerly British
Ambassador in Paris*



*Lady Violet
Bonham-Carter unveiled
the bust of Mr. John
Christie (standing at left)*

*Mr. & Mrs. Michael
Lewis and Mr. & Mrs.
Anthony Kinsman*



MURIEL BOWEN writes: Music, music, music will soon be rolling out over the Sussex Downs. At Glyndebourne's 1961 Season first night I heard about the newly inaugurated Sussex Festival Season. It aims at holding an annual round of concerts (plus drama, ballet, and gastronomic gatherings) in beautiful houses in Sussex. "We've bitten off what the Americans would call 'a mouthful' but we know Sussex can do it," Lady Birley told me airily. "We're also determined that it will all be of a very high quality." Though music has often depended most on the older generations, this Sussex Festival gets much of its impetus, I learn, from the thirties and forties—people like Lord Rupert Nevill and Mrs. John Wyndham.

An audience of 280 is planned for the Grinling Gibbons Room at Petworth House on 17 June. A concert by Peter Pears, tenor, and Julian Bream, lute and guitar, will be followed by supper served at small, candlelit tables. (Tickets 3 gns. each from Basil Douglas Ltd., 18 Hanover Street, London, W.1.) Then Lady Birley is to have a wine-and-food evening at Charleston Manor on 24 June. Guests will help themselves from a floodlit buffet in the Tithe Barn which used to be the late Sir Oswald Birley's studio. Afterwards Mr. Christopher Soames, Minister of Agriculture ("he always has such wonderful food in his own house"), will preside over a discussion on "the imaginative approach to cookery." (Tickets £3 13s. 6d. from Horace Jackson & Sons, 162 High Street, Lewes.)

The success of Glyndebourne is, of course, a great encouragement to this new musical venture in Sussex. The place is booming. This year's first night was a double triumph; peals of applause approved the imaginative décor each time the curtain went up, and for the first time I can remember *every* man in the audience wore a dinner jacket.

An audience of 800 saw the Italian comic melodrama, *L'Elisir d'Amore*. The Earl & Countess of Drogheda were there, Viscount Maugham, Sir Victor & Lady Mallet, Lady Burke, and Mr. & Mrs. "Miki" Sekers and their daughter, Christine. Miss Sekers's coming-out dance at the Pavilion, Syon Park, is to be followed next day by a charity concert and champagne supper. Felix Harbord has been engaged to do the décor, so there should be plenty to see as well as to hear.

OPENING NIGHT AT C



*Croquet for members of
the orchestra during
the dinner interval*



*Right: Luigi Alva, the tenor lead (2nd
from right), with members of the cast
at a celebration dinner afterwards*



GLYNDEBOURNE

Only-at-Glyndebourne sight: in the car park before the opera Mr. & Mrs. Colin Rydon are watched by cow

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICH AUERBACH



Left: Curtain call for Franco Zeffirelli, the producer, and Carlo Felice Cillario, who conducted the performance, with members of the cast

Mr. Moran Caplat, the Countess of Drogheda, Mr. George Christie, and Lady Birley dined at Mr. John Christie's table

LORD KILBRACKEN

It depends what you mean by...

MANUFACTURE is a risky business. It doesn't matter what particular commodity a firm produces; there is almost always the danger of ruinous litigation because the end-product has not reached the standard, or performed the function, which the purchaser believed he had the right to expect. Until this week, however, I'd never come across a disclaimer which seemed to deny responsibility if the product failed lamentably to provide the principal, primordial service for which it was offered for sale.

That was my impression anyway, though the phrase in question is nicely worded and far from being unequivocal. It is a matter, as will be appreciated, of no small importance, with summer icumen in, since it has to do with swimsuits (as bathing costumes, I believe, are now known). My sister bought one recently—the product, let it be said, of an extremely well-known firm, which shall however be nameless. A pretty one, too. Attached to it was an eye-catching, multicoloured tag which urged her to wear just a smile and *it*. She was looking forward to doing so.

But then, on the reverse side, she came across this far less confident legend, in much smaller print. And it gave her pause, as well it might, for it ran as follows:

Some suits cling more closely when wet, and are even thought to look transparent. Transparency is a matter of opinion, and we cannot accept the responsibility for this.

I believe it may be profitable to dissect and analyse this. I feel, indeed, that it is in the public interest to do so. I do not dispute the first seven words, though they seem unnecessary; I should have thought that *all* suits “cling more closely when wet”—well, *don't* they?—and that no one would be perturbed or disappointed if they found this to be so. I find it difficult to imagine the following dialogue (on the beach at Monte Carlo):

TOPSY (*emerging from the sea, with surprise and horror*): I say, John, just look at my swimsuit. Or rather, *don't* look.

JOHN (*looking all the same, then quickly averting his eyes*): My dear, how frightful. It clings more closely when wet.

No, it doesn't somehow ring true. But with the *next* seven words we swim, shall we say, into deeper waters.

Just what do they mean, to begin with, saying that *some* suits are even thought to look transparent?

(I like that use of the word *even*.) Surely the whole point is whether *this* is one of them. Given two apparently identical swimsuits, can one be thought transparent and not the other? Well, then, why not dispel our doubts with the simple line of warning (or encouragement): “Some people sometimes think that this swimsuit—when wet—becomes transparent”? Or are we supposed to go by trial and error?

I now pass to the implications, in this particular context, of the little word “*thought*.” It will be realized that this prepares us for the interesting statement that transparency is a matter of opinion. I suppose this is true, though I've never yet heard it argued. But I should like to; and I confidently expect that it will be discussed at some length on many beaches this summer.

ALBERT (*looking up from his crossword puzzle*): Tell me, Siegfried, what do *you* think about Amanda's new swimsuit? Transparent, would you say?

SIEGFRIED (*after an off-hand glance at Amanda*): Well, I don't know. I guess so—though that's only my *opinion*, of course. What do you think yourself?

ALBERT: Actually, I agree with you. I was discussing it with Theodore last night. He thought so, too.

SIEGFRIED: It's a question of definition, as usual, isn't it? Depends on what you mean by “transparent.” (*Reaches for his dictionary.*) It says “easily seen through.”

ALBERT: Well, there you are. (*Glances at the crowd round Amanda.*) In fact, I think Amanda is the only one who *disagrees*. (*He returns to his puzzle.*)

Next I would like to speculate on the makers' exact meaning when they say that transparency is a matter of opinion *and they cannot accept the responsibility for this*.

Do they mean that they cannot accept responsibility for the (alleged) fact that transparency is a matter of opinion? That, anyway, is what they have *said*, in the normal use of language. But as I cannot see why that should worry them, I assume they are referring to the danger of being held to blame for transparent difficulties. Now *I* should have thought, though here I may be wrong, that the chief and certainly the original function of a self-respecting swimsuit is to conceal from the public gaze those parts of the human anatomy which propriety requires. Can such basic responsibility be so easily denied?

After all, you'd never buy a car if the makers informed you in writing that it probably wouldn't go. You would surely refuse a house if the roof was thought to leak. You would reject a pair of binoculars which, in the opinion of some, failed to magnify, or a camera which looked pretty but couldn't take photographs.

Would it not be comparable if certain onlookers found that somebody's swimsuits, occasionally, are “easily seen through”? If so, why not at least amend the sales-line, and say simply: “Just wear a smile.” There may, after all, be many men who, for one reason or another, would like to choose (carefully) a model from the “exciting collection of swimwear and leisurewear”—as the makers so aptly describe it. It would make an ingratiating eve-of-holiday gift for their favourite young lady—though I'm not sure that they'd be wise to be around the first time she came out of the water in it.

VERTIGES

FOR THE HEADIEST MONTH
OF THE YEAR THE HEADIEST
AFTER-SIX CLOTHES EVER SEEN
IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN



*Breathless coral
chiffon made into a
curving dress swirling into
an airy train. Gossamer touch,
made to match muffler rimmed
with fox dyed to the same pink.
Made to measure at Hardy Amies
Sheridan Room (dress: 72 gns.,
stole: 45 gns.). Caught amid
the breathtaking water plants
and palms in Sheffield Park
by photographer
David Olins*



swirls out from Victor
Stiebel's ball dress (left) of
sugar almond pink and white silk
paper taffeta. It comes from Victor
Stiebel's just opened Ground Floor
Room at 17 Cavendish Square where one
fitting is given (prices from 45 gns.). The
escort wears a white Terylene and
worsted tuxedo which is lightweight and
washable (12 gns.). A tropical-weight
voile dress shirt goes underneath
(£2 12s. 6d.), a black silk cummerbund
on top (£1 12s. 6d.). All from
Airey & Wheeler's comprehen-
sive selection of tropical
wear in Piccadilly



Dizzy combination:
lake blues and shadowy
greens for a flowery silk taffeta
dress (above) with a fragile blue
underskirt. Made to measure by
Yvonne Bodie, Brompton Road (about
80 gns.). The man wears a single-
breasted black dinner suit by Brioni of
Rome (45 gns.) with satin facings to
collar and cuffs and a dull green silk
lining. Worn with it: a tucked Italian
cotton shirt (9½ gns.). Both from
Woollands Man's Shop who have
the sole concession for Brioni
of Rome's collection of dash-
ing clothes and accessories
in England

Colour to set your
head spinning: Chinese
yellow silk tundra made into a
smooth, layered top widening into a
slightly flared hem. The white satin
boxe holds a crystal and yellow brooch.
Only the collarless matching jacket is

OVERLEAF

missing. At Harrods' Dior Room.
Dreamy backdrop is the Gothic Revival
house at Sheffield Park, formerly the
home of the third Earl of Sheffield.
Visiting note: the gardens are open
April to October on Wednesdays,
Saturdays and Sundays; and are
situated between Lewes and
East Grinstead

VERTIGE
CONTINUED
VERTIGE





Double helping of
creamy guipure lace (below)
makes a shapely coat and a
slight dress minus straps. From
Peggy Allen (85½ gns.) at Barnett
Hutton; Kenneth Kemsley, Notting-
ham; Badleys, Belfast. Double helping
of river pearls too: Corocraft necklace
and ear-rings from Marshall & Snelgrove,
London. The man wears a mohair-and-
worsted dinner suit from John Michael,
Chelsea (22 gns.). The black antelope
cloak (£40), chain-fastened and lined
with royal blue shantung is from the
Younger Man's Shop at Har-
rods where clothes have
a young outlook

Rose-toned flowers
whirl over a chiné paper
taffeta evening dress (opposite)
with a swoosh of fabric falling
behind. From the John Cavanagh
Boutique in Curzon Street (70 gns.).
Corocraft crystal necklace (8½ gns.) and
pearl ear-rings from Marshall & Snel-
grove, London. The man wears a
single-breasted wool-and-mohair dinner
suit by Brioni of Rome (45 gns.) at
Woollands. Background: amid the
80 acres of greenland at Sheffield
Park with its five lakes which is
administered by the National
Trust though the house is
privately owned





THE UNDER WATER MAKE-UP GAME

GOOD LOOKS BY
ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

Incoming: underwater blues, sea-shell pinks straight off a seascape. The game is played here with colour clues to help—pair the lip and eye colours with a cool-toned skin and you are well away for summer. The cover gives the game away—played as cool as you can get with Helena Rubinstein's newest formula: Pink Flare lips, Star Sapphire shadow, banded with Pearl, plus Luminescent powder to give underwater translucence. Luminescent can be used on its own for water-lily pallor or coupled with a deeper foundation to give depth. The second face (*below*) states the case for looking sizzling with a cool make-up. Wind-blown hair shuffled by Raphael at Fortnum & Mason and lips dressed in Elizabeth Arden's Pink Jonquil, plus eyes blueprinted with their sea-flavoured Turquoise. Skin pale with the addition of Beige Jonquil Basic Sheen and

Invisible Veil powder. **Additional moves** suggested on this page: Yardley's stormy-sea Blue shadow, coupled with their searing Capri Pink lipstick; Estée Lauder's mermaid Turquoise blue shadow and Riviera Blush hazy lipstick. **Shoppers' note:** Estée Lauder make-up, just available at Fortnum & Mason. The skin has dived to new, cool depths with foundations like Guerlain's Sable-shaded Creme Mousseline or their Tourterelle Day Cream No. 5—both flat beige tones. Cool-thinking from Charles of the Ritz too with Ritz Mat—creamy pale. The coolest feel of all comes with an icy splash of Yardley's Sponge & Sparkle. A fragile blue liquid, it cleanses and is slightly astringent as well. Unique in the talcum array is Estée Lauder's Cool Spray—it spurts on to the skin in icy bursts of delicious Youth Dew powder.



YARDLEY'S BLUE EYESHADOW



YARDLEY'S CAPRI PINK LIPSTICK



HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S STAR SAPPHIRE
EYESHADOW



ESTÉE LAUDER'S TURQUOISE
EYESHADOW



IRMA WARNER



ESTÉE LAUDER'S RIVIERA BLUSH
LIPSTICK

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Concentrate on these

Albert Adair

HERE ARE SOME PIECES TO LOOK OUT for when the Antique Dealers' Fair opens at Grosvenor House today. Examples of the finest 18th-century furniture are still coming on to the market, among them the fine small serving table (*top right*) and a pedestal desk (*bottom right*).

Serving tables were the predecessors of the Sheraton sideboard. They became popular about 1730 when they were usually heavily carved and had substantial marble tops. Chippendale and his contemporaries developed the theme, until under the influence of Robert Adam the tables became lighter and more elegant. Adam introduced storage space in detached flanking cupboards surmounted by cutlery urns and a cellarette beneath.

This example comes from the Weld Blundell Collection formerly at Ince Blundell Hall. It is 5 feet 6 inches wide, and has some unusual features. There is the combination of matching flared veneers with crisp and delicate carving decorating the front and sides; there are unusual brackets of C scrolls enveloped in acanthus leaves; and

the carving on the drawer fronts marks the table as a rare example of the finest craftsmanship of the 1770s.

Such tables are usually too large for modern rooms but some of the finest of cabinet makers' work was lavished on them, and they can only add distinction to a larger house. However, the table discussed here is not large, and would fit easily into a comparatively small dining room or entrance hall. The table is pure Chippendale in the robustness of its simple and sturdy design, but the decoration reveals the elegant influence of Robert Adam.

The desk is also fairly small and is of serpentine shape on all four sides. The cupboard side (there are drawers on the other) has faced the light all its life and has faded to an attractive grey honey colour. The desk has its original leather, and is priced at £8,000.

The original drawing, together with the specification is in a rare book, Thomas Shearer's *The Cabinet Maker's London Book of Prices*, second edition published in 1793.

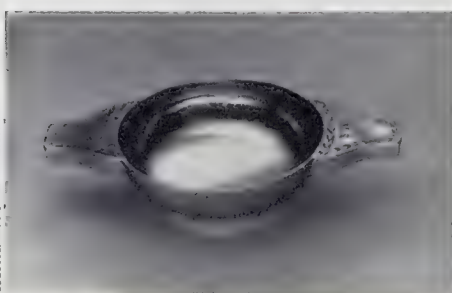


RAYMOND FORTY

but don't miss these at today's Antique Dealers' Fair

Queen Anne coffee pot; 1711

George III quaich, engraved decoration and initials; circa 1810



HERBERT DE GRAY

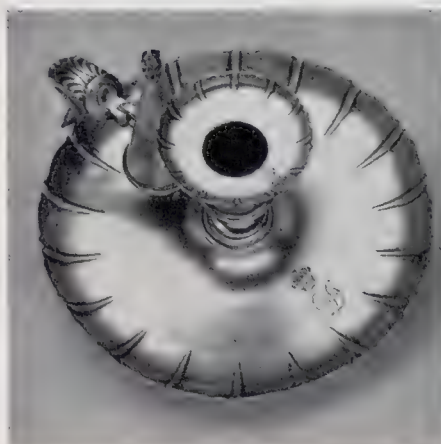


Rare pair of early Derby bird candlesticks



Hornblende schist head of the Buddha; Gandharan, 3rd/4th century A.D.

HERBERT DE GRAY



Pair of chamber candlesticks, fluted and engraved with initial and coronet. Date: 1827

I FLY FOR FUN



Author and flying family emplane

by *Hélène Best-Devereux*

We began to take our aerial picnicking seriously a few years ago after a frustrating search for food one Bank Holiday along the South Coast. At that time my husband owned a pretty two-seat Auster aircraft which cruised at 90 m.p.h. So when we set forth from Elstree we expected to be soon enjoying a lobster luncheon at Bembridge. The prospect of passing over the clogged roads to the sea and sun was most pleasing. It turned out to be the only pleasure of the outing. Lobster lunches were "off." So was any other sort of lunch—or sandwiches. Weren't we aware that it was Bank Holiday? Then, cheese biscuits, perhaps? No, the cheese biscuits had been finished early yesterday. As this grim picture was repeated at three other aerodromes, we cleared Customs at Lympne in mid-afternoon and found we were still in time for a late lunch at the Le Touquet Airport restaurant. We made a firm resolution never to rely on British catering again.

When it comes to planning a day out (or a fortnight's holiday) there is a distinct financial advantage in flying a small aircraft abroad. By passing through Customs any petrol put into the aircraft gets a rebate of 2s. 6d. a gallon. So with some calculation we can fly a long way into France on "half-price" fuel—and as an Auster aircraft uses about 4 gallons an hour (25 m.p.g.) this is really worth while. We had special long-range tanks fitted which gave us an endurance of six hours' flying time without refuelling. In simple terms this worked out that two people could go to Paris and back on a fuel bill of a little less than £3.

Once through Customs formalities the air-tourist can wander freely in France. Each *Département* has at least one or two little *terrains*, airfields suited for small planes. Indeed, in the Paris area there are so many airfields that it is easy to find yourself in the wrong circuit. We once flew down to Toulouse and back in a weekend—there on the Saturday and back on Sunday. My husband and a friend (I was busy contributing to the explosion in our national birthrate) did Pau and back in a weekend, about 16 flying hours. These trips were on Air Rallies, but even when we are merely air touring we find that we can always rely on the *fortune du pot* at some little aero club. One of the great joys of air touring is that you can choose your night stop on the spur of the moment, almost as casually as you might stop your car to refuel. But there is always a possibility of encountering that hazard *La Grande Fête*.

Having landed at some little airfield, usually a brisk five-

mile walk from the town that seemed so near from the air, the air tourist then finds that, surprise! surprise! the town is *en fête*. It always happens. Requests for accommodation are met with light laughs and that indescribable lift of the shoulders the French produce when flummoxed. Fortunately the local aero club often has as a member the owner of a nearby hostelry and we have been rescued by such useful fellows more than once. Once we were able to inform the waitress who asked for our room number at supper that we occupied the "*salle de bain—premier étage*." She took the information without a flicker.

Friends, and particularly relations, are inclined to suck in their breath at the idea of flying across 22 miles of water with only one engine in front. We do always go across the Channel the shortest way, and at a reasonable height—it would be nice to glide to one side or another, or even to a ship, if the engine weren't running. Admittedly the possibility of engine failure is not foremost in our minds. For one thing it is remote, as rare as a tyre blowout on a car. For another, it is less catastrophic than a burst car tyre, and also has the advantage of affording the pilot time to consider what to do! Also, the problem of whether we can afford the trip at all is much more pressing. There are, by regulation, regular inspections and maintenance to be done on even the simplest aeroplanes, so little should go wrong.

Perhaps we take flying too much for granted—but then we have always had our heads in the clouds. My husband has been in aviation for as long as he can remember. Having irritated my tolerant parents by thudding over to the window every time something with wings appeared, I eventually prevailed on them to help me acquire a gleaming new Private Pilot's licence for my 18th birthday. This can be achieved after taking a course of instruction which must include 15 hours of solo flying and a few flying and navigation tests.

My husband is rather cynical about the current discovery of executive aviation in England. Ever since the war he has spurned boats and trains to fly about his business, first as an "aeronautical bureaucrat" (his own term) and lately as an aeronautical consulting engineer.

Finding the money to fly as much as he would like is the problem of many a private pilot. Hangarage and landing fees are extortionate in England. To spread these costs many flyers have formed syndicates to operate a shared

aeroplane. When, with our young family, the Auster became too small, we joined a syndicate operating a Miles Messenger. Determined that our children, Tatiana (22 months) and Igor (8 months) should grow up accustomed to air travel, we planned a family trip last summer. The Messenger has four seats in a cabin about as roomy as a medium-sized saloon car. It could also land and take-off in exceptionally short stretches, and stow all the luggage we needed. In some types of aircraft there is a limit on the weight and bulk of luggage that can be carried, but we could stack in cases, kitbags, pushchair and buckets, and still have ample space for the baby's carrycot on top of it all. There was still room, too, for Tatiana to creep about a little, though she preferred to sit on my lap.

Generally she dozed off after an hour in the air, lulled by the rise and fall of the aircraft "riding" the "bumps" if it was hot, or merely the drone of the engine. Once awake she needed watching all the time. My husband has some white hairs dedicated to the moment when, over mid-Channel, her podgy little fingers closed the duplicate throttle.

It was in this Messenger that we flew to Nogaro where a *Rassemblement* was to be held, right at the foot of the Pyrenees. Warned that accommodation might be restricted, we packed a tent. Our first night stop was in Baugé where friends of ours have a private airstrip, which turned out to be an apple orchard with a strip of pasture alongside. Once the grazing cattle had been herded into one corner there was just enough room (about 300 yards) for us to creep in. The farmer and his family all turned out to help us push the aircraft up against the cow byre for some shelter overnight.

On arrival at Nogaro we pitched our tent under the wing of the Messenger and let the wide landing flaps down for added shelter. This was just as well, as it rained torrentially each night. During the day the sun shone warmly enough for me to strip baby Igor to his bare essentials to kick in his cot, causing a crowd of gesticulating ladies to form around him. I was informed that "there existed a current of air" and that the poor little one would undoubtedly not survive such brutal exposure.

That evening we went to the Rally party leaving Igor asleep in the aeroplane cabin, with the sunblinds drawn. Plunging back through the rain to check on him I ran into an armed paratrooper who loomed above me, challenging in local *patois*. His company had been drafted in to guard the aircraft throughout the night, presumably against local poachers. Later we heard a fusillade of shots and thought we were in the thick of some dramatic raid. It turned out to be a reveller tossing photoflash bulbs around.

Flying back was really spectacular, at 6,000 feet over the beautiful, wild Auvergne region, skirting the highest part and flying past the Puy de Dôme. Swinging northwards again, after lunch at Issoire in a vine-hung cafe, we followed the river Allier to its junction with the Loire. Circling the town of Nevers my husband mentioned that Nevers steak was a delicacy that it was a pity to miss. We promptly landed. Next day we treated ourselves to an aerial tour past some of the châteaux of the Loire, each a fairy-tale of splendour in the blazing August sun.

This year, dazzled by glossy brochures, we will be using an expensive new American aircraft to fly the family abroad. But we are leasing our status symbol. This has the advantage that if we so wish we can think again, and choose another type of aircraft to go farther afield.



A convent bride for the captain: Jean Bayless as the singing governess and Roger Dann as Captain Von Trapp, in The Sound of Music

VERDICTS



The Sound Of Music. Palace Theatre. (Constance Shacklock, Jean Bayless, Eunice Gayson, Harold Kasket.)

From Oklahoma to hokum

THE TUNES OF MR. RICHARD RODGERS may be counted on to carry *The Sound of Music* to popularity. It is a little sad all the same that the last product of his famous partnership with the late Oscar Hammerstein should seem so much like a betrayal of the American musical.

It was through their work that we in this country first came to realize that musical comedy had been re-born in a shape that was basically and inimitably American. Unlike all the musical comedy we ourselves had ever hatched, the new musical told a story of reasonably adult interest and did not suffer this story to be interrupted by irrelevant songs, dances and bursts of comic patter.

On the contrary. The authors usually aimed at making song, dance, joke and even ballet a means of advancing the story and of holding the mood they sought to evoke. What a falling away from the proud ideal is shown in *The Sound of Music*.

Its story is as pretty, as sugary-sweet and as nonsensical as any old-fashioned English musical comedy. We are taken into an Austrian convent where a wise Mother Abbess decides that one of her postulants, a pretty girl who cannot help singing joyously, had better go out into

the world, at least for a spell, as a governess. She finds herself in charge of the seven children of an Austrian naval martinet. This captain runs his household like a ship and orders the movements of the children by an elaborate system of whistle signals. They have naturally become unhappy little marching machines. The joyous young governess soon puts the captain's house in order. She teaches the children to sing and wins the captain's heart.

When she sees what she has done she flies back in fright to the convent, but is at once returned by the Mother Abbess to face her responsibility. She has been away for but a short while. It has been long enough for the captain to be about to marry another lady. He gets rid of her as quickly as an ordinary man might change his jacket, and then to show that though as a lover he may be fickle-minded, as a patriotic Austrian he is a man of iron. It is the eve of the *Anschluss*, and he defies the Nazis and is nearly taken prisoner with his children and their new mother in the convent where he has taken refuge.

The Mother Abbess has a full-throated contralto song of extreme sentimentality. It is called *Climb every mountain*. She has sung it once and now she sings it again as the patriotic Austrian family climb to freedom, and Miss Constance Shacklock sings it so resonantly that we cannot decently wonder if the nuns are not taking far greater risks than the refugees who will soon be safe in America.

By this time we have ceased as a matter of course to ask ourselves such searching questions. We are happily back in the familiar world of musical comedy where each turn of the plot is more ridiculous than the last and nobody minds. The important thing is that whenever the plot makes a turn there is a

pleasant song to be heard. Most of these songs one sings for children—*Do-re-mi*, *My favourite things*, *So long, farewell*, or such songs as children may fitly be taught by a governess, and fortunately the seven children of Captain Trapp give an excellent account of themselves.

Miss Jean Bayless has a somewhat small voice for songs which were obviously written for Miss Mary Martin, but she brings the freshness of youth to the guileless heroine. Mr. Roger Dann has his work cut out to make the hero as sympathetic as he is meant to be, but what can an actor do with a man whose whirling weathercock of a mind revolves round a single stiff-necked patriotic resolve?

Most of the comedy is nursery comedy. The rest falls to Mr. Harold Nasket who as a national appeaser is the liveliest thing in the show till the plot insists that he should cruelly betray his kind and rich patron. Miss Barbara Brown and Mr. Nicholas Bennett have a comic sub-plot all to themselves, and they make surprisingly lively use of it.



Return to Peyton Place. Director José Ferrer. (Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler, Mary Astor, Eleanor Parker.)

Sunrise At Campobello. Director Vincent J. Donohue. (Ralph Bellamy, Hume Cronyn, Greer Garson, Ann Shoemaker.)

The Secret Partner. Director Basil Dearden. (Stewart Granger, Haya Harareet, Bernard Lee.)

Macbeth. Director George Schaefer. (Maurice Evans, Judith Anderson, Michael Hordern, Ian Bannen.)

Back to that Place —with Miss Astor

MANY YEARS AGO MISS MARY ASTOR was quoted as saying "Keep a diary—and one day it will keep you." Judging from her tremendous performance in **Return To Peyton Place**, it can never have been necessary for Miss Astor to take seriously the advice attributed to her. For, unless the casting directors of Hollywood are out of their minds (and this is admittedly sometimes a moot point), it should be possible for an actress of such blinding talent to live in luxury to the end of her days simply by following her chosen profession.

The film is no more than a re-hash of *Peyton Place*—Miss Grace Metalious's rather sickening novel about a small New England town

peopled by adult hypocrites and hysterical teenagers. The uglier incidents from the previous film (the rape of a young girl by her drunken stepfather, the suicide of a maid, and so on) are recapitulated in this one—the excuse being that Miss Carol Lynley, a budding authoress, has been persuaded by a publisher, Mr. Jeff Chandler, to tell what really goes on behind the scenes in her smug, self-righteous home town.

The novel Miss Lynley produces (the dead spit of Miss Metalious's) is hailed as "great" by everybody except the benighted inhabitants of Peyton Place, who feel their little foibles have been most uncharitably, if not maliciously, exposed. Miss Astor, a leading citizen, raises particular hell over the book and demands that it be withdrawn from the local school library. Miss Metalious, who is clearly not going to have the ghost of an aspersions cast on her own work, sees to it that this character is severely rapped over the knuckles and routed in disorder.

Acting-wise, there is nobody in the film who can stand up to Miss Astor. Beside her Miss Lynley, a young actress I have previously admired, appears blanched and filleted—while Miss Eleanor Parker, never very flexible, is as wooden as a totem-pole. Miss Tuesday Weld, gallantly trying to play tough, is the victim of a superior force—and even Signorina Luciana Paluzzi, though the most defiant of Miss Astor's co-players, is ultimately reduced to understandable despair. If there is any reason at all why you should see the film, her performance is it.

Based on Mr. Doré Schary's prize-winning play, **Sunrise At Campobello** (produced by him and directed by Mr. Vincent J. Donohue) is an extraordinarily moving account of a man's triumph over a physical handicap. The man is the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt—but the film is less concerned with his political career than with his private life beforehand.

In 1921, Mr. Roosevelt—happily married and the father of five children—contracted infantile paralysis, as a result of which he lost the use of his legs. His doctors told him he would be confined to a wheel-chair all his life and it seemed inevitable that he would have to abandon his interest in politics and vegetate in his country estate as his mother (superbly played by Miss Ann Shoemaker) urged him to do.

But Mr. Roosevelt was not prepared to put his hopes and ambitions behind him. Painfully and through sheer determination he conquered his disability, until in 1924 he was able to re-emerge as a public figure, at the Democratic National Convention.

People of my generation will find Mr. Ralph Bellamy's portrayal of the great man almost uncannily accurate. In the voice, in the lift of the head, the angle of the cigarette holder clenched in the strong teeth,

the engaging grin and the wave of the hand one recognizes Roosevelt precisely as he was. It is an extraordinary achievement.

Miss Greer Garson's curiously affected voice makes her performance as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt something of an embarrassment. Mrs. Roosevelt may possess vocal mannerisms, but it is hard to believe that anybody with so arch a delivery as Miss Garson's could ever have become a public speaker. Mr. Hume Cronyn is excellent as Roosevelt's loyal friend, Louis Howe—and Miss Jean Hagen gives a good account of herself as his devoted secretary, "Missy"—but it was Mr. Bellamy's performance that held me spellbound.



Enemies of Promise, by Cyril Connolly; **The Ides Of March**, by Thornton Wilder; **The Man In The Net**, by Patrick Quentin. (Penguin Books, 2s. 6d. each.) **Valmouth**, **Prancing Nigger**, **The Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli** by Ronald Firbank (Penguin omnibus, 3s. 6d.).

Walking The Indian Streets, by Ved Mehta. (Faber, 15s.)

Owls & Satyr, by David Pryce-Jones. (Longmans, 15s.)

A Shooting Star, by Wallace Stegner. (Heinemann, 18s.)

Casanova, by J. Rives Childs. (Allen & Unwin, 32s.)

The Great Wave, by Mary Lavin. (Macmillan, 16s.)

Splashes in the Penguin pool

THE NEW PENGUIN BATCH PLEASES me so much this week that we'll begin with them, and especially with Cyril Connolly's dazzling

There's all manner of skulduggery afoot in **The Secret Partner**—and dust is thrown in everybody's eyes, including yours—but I must say I found Mr. Stewart Granger's odd behaviour suspicious from the start. I mean, would *you* continue to patronize a dentist who is black-mailing you—when you know that while you're under the anaesthetic for an extraction he can, by using pentathol, persuade you to give him any information he desires? Shucks!

In the latest, straightforward but slightly abridged screen version of **Macbeth**, Miss Judith Anderson's stylish performance as Lady Macbeth is the most notable: the sleep-walking scene has never been better done—and should certainly be seen.

Enemies of Promise. First published in 1938 "as a didactic inquiry into the problem of how to write a book which lasts 10 years," it is the book that contains Mr. Connolly's superb evocation of his schooldays at Eton. These chapters are an extraordinary concentrate of his sweet-sour, melancholy—yet wittily barbed; harmonious, yet deeply disquieting flavour. The book is full of Mr. Connolly's finest and most mocking moments of self-revelation—"I have always disliked myself at any given moment; the total of such moments is my life..." "It is after lunch (omelette, vichy, peaches,) on a sultry day." To have been exposed to Mr. Connolly's prose at a vulnerable age (and few of us have escaped) is to have picked up a virus which thereafter never quite abandons you, defying isolation, refusing cure. From time to time it dominates the system dangerously, bringing you out in nervous rashes and sick headaches and ferociously demanding homeopathic treatment—say, a stiff undiluted dose of *The Unquiet Grave*.

The last sentence of *Enemies of Promise* is my special delight, for being so inescapably signed by the hand that wrote it. The author is speaking of himself—"whom ill-

famed Coventry bore, a mother of bicycles whom England enlightened and Ireland deluded, round-faced, irritable, sun-loving, a man as old as his Redeemer, meditating at this time of year when wars break out, when Europe trembles and dictators thunder, inglorious under the plane." For the genuine addict, this ought to give you the same sort of agonizing enjoyment as an ache in the jaw from eating slices of raw lemon. You can say Mr. Connolly is as clever as pie, and enormously informed, and a blessing to the mind and so on, but that's not the whole explanation. I think of it simply as Virus X and hope to pass on the infection.

More Penguins: Thornton Wilder's *The Ides of March*. It's this infinitely seductive, funny, sad, glittering and of course modern-in-attitude historical novel which first threw me into a transport of infatuated love for Julius Caesar from which I have never fully recovered. It is written in the form of letters and diaries, a thing I can never resist, and is my favourite of Wilder's books. (I have a constant nagging hope he will one day do the same for Sir Thomas More, a gentleman to whom I do not care to feel unfaithful for so long.)

Penguins have also issued three Firbanks together. I have made repeated efforts to catch the sound of this quaint stylist, and come away each time feeling I have been munched, poisoned, crystallized, violet, while listening to a high, brilliant giggle, but others are more perceptive and swear it is all so rewarding. . . . And Patrick Quentin's *The Man in the Net* confirms my belief that Hugh Wheeler is one of the silkiest and sharpest thriller-writers now in business.

Veet Mehta's *Walking the Indian Street* is an enchanting, kindly and delicately knife-edged account of a return home to India from Oxford. Seemingly casual and chatty, it is in fact precise, revealing and sad under the charm. Part of the journey was made in company with the writer's friend from Oxford, Dom Moraes. So the book duplicates—but from a different eye-view, and therefore rewardingly—some of the incidents that occur in Mr. Moraes' own account of his return journey home.

A first novel by David Pryce-Jones, who is 25, *Owls & Satyrs*, is a dry-toned, feline book about the effects on two young people of their mother's proposed second marriage. Full of guarded and potentially explosive conversations and tragic-farcical situations, it seemed to me to present a fair, funny and agreeably bizarre picture of the polite, well-heeled, deeply dislocated section of English home-life in which everyone is on the point of saying something absolutely unforgivable and you can hear the bombs ticking quietly in the corners.

A Shooting Star by Wallace Stegner has a sort of Theda Bara lady with melted-liquorice eyelids on the jacket. A gigantically long novel, it is about one of those American heroines (this one's called Sabrina) who are nice, affectionate and intelligent but have gone all to pieces under the strain of a chilly husband, a weak lover, too much money, too little mother-love, a disowned father, excessive ancestor-worship and a crushing load of guilt. (However they are neglected in English fiction, no one can deny that the American novelists treat women with a positively overwhelming seriousness. Sabrina's melancholy soul-searchings and self-laceration—which naturally result in her coming to Realize in the end—make Anna Karenina look like a merry little madcap.) In fact the book is intelligent, sympathetic, and smoothly written, but ah, the sheer length of it. . . .

Mr. Rives Childs's *Casanova* provides a helpful chart that explains who was who and where during the course of that long and crowded career. But first you should take a straight gallop through the superb *Memoirs* themselves (published by Elek in the Arthur Machen translation) which would make peerless excess baggage for a summer holiday. . . . Mary Lavin is an Irish writer of great precision and lyrical grace, and the 11 short stories in *The Great Wave* are small disturbing miracles of acute listening and wry but loving observation.



Madame Butterfly, by Puccini.
La Gioconda, by Ponchielli.
Le Villi, by Puccini.
Battle Symphony, by Beethoven.
Grand Canyon Suite, by Grofe.

Callas on a warhorse

IT IS PROBABLY UNWISE TO MENTION it in our tax-happy country, but it is a fact that thanks to the invention of the LP a great deal of our recorded music, purchase-tax and all, costs less today than it did before the war. Of course, without this little swindle, devised over 20 years ago as a strictly wartime measure, all our records would cost less than they did in 1939. As it is, you can get a complete recording of Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* for only £3 3s. today, where it would have cost half as much again in the days of tax-free 78s.

Decca, who first introduced the

long playing record to this country, were also the first to have the idea of issuing cheap editions of recordings that had dated technically and were superseded by later hier-and-fier remakes. Instead of being deleted from the catalogues they are sold at £1 1s. In this way several unusually fine performances have been preserved for those who are poor, and not madly interested in what the latest acoustic suspension woofer or dispersed-array cone tweeter is all in aid of.

For me, at any rate, there is a freshness and spontaneity about Renata Tebaldi's singing of *Madame Butterfly* in her 1952 recording (now in Decca's cheap "Ace of Clubs" edition) that is sadly missing in the slap-up stereo version made seven or eight years later by an older Tebaldi whose voice begins to show the strain of the modern singer's overworked life.

Recently Cetra have also started a line in cheap editions called "Opera Club." The records cost 22s. 6d., which means that for a little over £3 you can have a complete recording of *La Gioconda* with Maria Callas in the title role (OLPC1241). Listening to this wonderful 85-year-old warhorse of an opera again, it seems to me high time it was revived at Covent Garden where it was last heard in 1929. With its opportunity for spectacular Venetian sets, the famous Dance of the Hours for the Royal Ballet, and the world now encouragingly full of singers able to do justice to some extremely effective and dramatic roles, *La Gioconda* could hardly miss next time Mme. Callas is in town.

Meanwhile, her Cetra recording, though it was made some years ago, gives a stirring idea of Ponchielli's masterpiece by letting us hear familiar excerpts like the Dance of the Hours, *Suicidio* and *Cielo e mar* in their natural and powerful theatrical context. Callas's own appearance in the name part is no walk-over. She has to sing every note of the way not to be overshadowed by Fedore Barbieri's superb performance as her stage rival, Laura.

Puccini was Ponchielli's prize pupil, and though his music, unlike his master's, does not suffer from lack of performance in this country, there is still one of his operas which, like *La Gioconda*, we wouldn't know much about if it weren't for an LP recording. This is *Le Villi*, his very first work (inevitably known to musicians as "The Willies"), which has now been transferred to the Cetra "Opera Club" list (OLPC 1251). It is a short two-act opera on a single record, already hinting unmistakably at the rich tunes that were to make Puccini the most popular composer of our time. Anybody who loves Puccini, right or wrong, will find this intriguing youthful piece well worth the money.

The development of stereo has inevitably encouraged the well-established LP practice of recording out-and-out oddities from the repertoire. Indeed, there have been some who say that stereo is all that justifies the appearance in the lists of Beethoven's notorious *Battle Symphony* (RCA: SF 5071). This remarkable piece, written in the same year as the Seventh and Eighth symphonies and, in fact, used as a bait to draw the public to hear the first performances of those two masterpieces, is famous as being about the worst piece of music ever written by a genius. But it is immense fun, nevertheless—especially in stereo.

It describes "Wellington's Victory, or the Battle of Vittoria," and we have the English soldiers (*Rule Britannia*) fighting the French (their theme song a lugubrious version of *Malbrouk s'en-va-l'en guerre* or *For he's a jolly good fellow*), cannon to the left of them, cannon to the right of them, alarms, excursions, and a wonderful finale (with fugue) based on *God Save the King*. It was dedicated to the Prince Regent and is all unmistakably Beethoven.

The only drawback to me is the backing of the record. This is a super-stereo version of Ferdie Grofe's *Grand Canyon Suite* and is a maddeningly incompatible coupling. Grofe fans don't as a rule care for Beethoven and would have preferred the *Rhapsody in blue*, while in my experience, those who like Beethoven would much rather have had some Fats Waller on the other side.



ERICH AUERBACH

Louis Kentner rehearsing for his solo recital at Bath Festival today. Tomorrow he will appear with his brother-in-law Yehudi Menuhin, and cellist Gaspar Cassado

ROBERT WRAIGHT ON GALLERIES

Moholy-Nagy, New London Gallery.
Jackson Pollock, Marlborough Fine Art.

Many-splendoured abstract

SIMPLY BY CROSSING BOND STREET—from the New London Gallery to its parent Marlborough Fine Art Gallery—it is possible just now to span 40 years and two extremes of



Australian Kenneth Rowell, whose one-man show opens at the Hazlitt Gallery today, gave up stage designing to paint. His style is abstract expressionism

abstract painting. The extremes are the cool-blooded intellectualism of Laszlo Moholy-Nagy and the full-blooded, emotional expressionism of Jackson Pollock, the American pioneer of "action" painting.

The importance of Hungarian-born Moholy-Nagy is closely allied to the importance of the Bauhaus, the German Republic's celebrated school of design to which Hitler put an end in 1933 but which, long before that, had created an impact still felt throughout the world.

Under the direction of the eminent architect Walter Gropius the Bauhaus had aimed at uniting all the different plastic arts, while at the same time acknowledging that industrial methods must be the biggest governing factor in modern design.

"The Bauhaus workshops," said Gropius, "were really laboratories for working out practical new designs for present day articles and improving models for mass-production."

Moholy-Nagy, a former lawyer, began to work in these "design laboratories" in 1923, when he was 28. He was appointed head of the metal workshop but his activities were much wider than that title suggests.

Among the other masters at the school were Kandinsky, Klee, Feininger, Schlemmer and Baumeister, all more important as artists than Nagy. But he, more than any of them, personified the spirit of the Bauhaus.

He had an extraordinarily inquiring and inventive mind and his talents were enormously diverse. He was painter, sculptor, smith, typographer, creative photographer (I believe he was the first to make photographs direct on to sensitized paper without an intervening camera) as well as a teacher and writer whose practical and theoretical work had a powerful influence in fields as varied as film-making and shop-window display. He was the experimental artist *par excellence*.

The present exhibition, almost entirely of paintings, can show little more than one of his many facets, but it does include single examples of his glass sculpture and of his painting-sculptures—painted plastics or metals.

Several of his earlier canvases, such as *The large emotion meter* and *The large railway picture*, both of 1920, seem naïve now in their use of numerals, letters and mechanical symbols. But at its best his paintings have a purity of form that anticipated, by 20 or 30 years, the work of our present "pure" abstractionists and constructivists headed by Victor Pasmore.

If I have implied above that Pollock was exclusively an abstract painter, that is wrong. In an introduction to the catalogue at the Marlborough it is pointed out that he did, in fact, paint more figurative paintings than non-figurative ones.

Indeed, one of his friends maintained to me that none of his pictures is abstract because all of them suggest images to the spectator!

But unless the artist intended the spectator to perceive those images I maintain that the picture is abstract. And it is with such pictures of Pollock's that I am here concerned because, though abstract, they seem to me the antithesis of those of Nagy. As antithetical as those of, say, Gainsborough are.

It would be interesting to know if Nagy, who continued the work of the Bauhaus in America between 1937 and 1946, knew Pollock's work and, if he did, what he thought of it and of the artist's insistence upon the unconscious as the driving force in art. For nothing can be more remote from the Bauhaus ideal of a happy marriage of art and industry than the word-picture (drawn by his biographer, Bryan Robertson) of Pollock reaffirming, in the teeth of a heavily materialist and technological civilization, "the sacrosanct nature... of the mark made by an artist on his canvas."

But there lies the wonder of abstract painting. It can have as many different forms as there are true artists practising it. And far from being all the same, as the lazy and the uninformed are often heard to say, it has made painting more varied today than it has ever been at any time in history.

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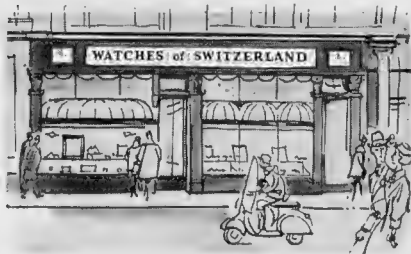
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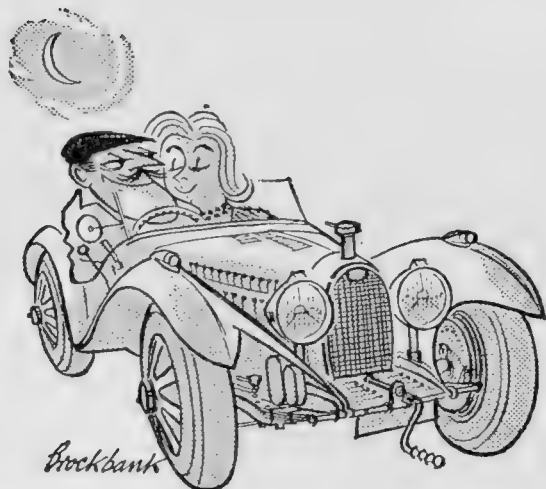


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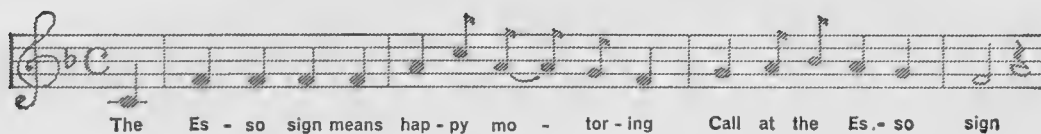
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MAN'S WORLD

The Haymarket code

David Morton

PERHAPS BECAUSE THE NAME Burberry is associated with water-proofs, I was pulled up sharp when I went into their Haymarket store the other day and almost the first thing to meet my eye was a lightweight suit ideal for the summer. Certainly not waterproof, but it has all the other qualities that have come to be associated with Burberry's clothes. It's fairly conservative, well-bred, beautifully tailored and practical—keynotes sustained all through the shop.

This particular suit is made of Huddersfield worsted and is cut with a soft, natural shoulderline. The detailing is kept to a minimum—a lightweight cloth can't carry the intricacies that would be appropriate in a heavier material. It's a two-piece suit, single-breasted with a centre vent; weighing under 3 lb. and costing £30 it should be the answer to the problem of what to wear in London this summer. For those who don't want to spend quite as much, there are other materials to choose from. A Terylene and

worsted suit costs 18 gns. and a mohair suit 26 gns.

Burberry separate their customers into two age-groups; younger men can find suits with rather more unconventional detailing than their elders—raised side-seams on the trousers, slanting pockets, and trousers left unfinished at the bottom to allow for plain or cuffed finish. There is a good selection of two-piece town suits in stripes, checks and solid colours from 17 gns. to 25 gns.; older men will find three-piece suits from 23 gns. to 29 gns. One can find check or plain lightweight sports jackets here, made from a cloth that drip-dries and needs only the minimum of ironing. Some of these have patch pockets and a centre vent—in price they range from £6 to £12. Checked Vivella jackets, that would need to be dry-cleaned, cost 10 gns. But I would choose the Cashmere jackets—light, soft and warm. These are expensive, 25 gns., but the wool and Cashmere jackets are slightly less so at 18 gns. There is a

rack of suède and leather jackets, some tailored simply to look just like a sports jacket, and some with knitted sleeves.

Burberry's is one of those shops that is eager for the chance to outfit you from head to toe; there is a bespoke tailoring department, a shoe shop and a hosiery department. Within a few yards of each other, you can find cardigans, polo shirts and ties from Paris, or Burberry's own range of toilet preparations. Called Gamefeather, this consists of aftershave lotion, cologne and shaving soap, and for those who prefer showers to baths, a soap ball on a cotton halter that goes round the neck and is, I am assured, unshrinkable. Useful sort of gift at 10s. 6d.

But Burberry's initially went into business to stop people getting wet—pioneers in this field, rather like poor Jonas Hanway who began to carry an umbrella and got laughed at. One of their testimonials reads like something out of Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop*, and it is as much a testimonial to the spirit of the British Empire as it is to Burberry's rainproofs. B. J. F. Bentley wrote from Addis Ababa, after completing "my recent automobile tour across Somaliland and Abyssinia" that he was returning "one of your justly famous Burberry coats . . . it still

retains all its waterproof qualities . . . how roughly it was used; I used to put four sticks in the ground, tie up the corners and use it as a bath. I have used it to store water in when in camp. After losing all my blankets I used to sleep in it." Gallant Mr. Bentley.

There are other testimonials from Arctic explorers and balloonists, and "V.W.", who went through the rain forest opposite the Victoria Falls when a tropical thunderstorm was raging. He says, "it consequently is one of the wettest places on earth." But V.W. was kept perfectly dry by his Burberry.

Even if readers don't particularly want to go through tropical rain forests, up in balloons, or across the Arctic wastes, a Burberry raincoat can still be useful. More, in England it can often be invaluable. There is every variety to choose from—special jackets for fishing and shooting, with business-like pockets, trench coats, short raincoats with wool linings, or the off-white or lovat Commander raincoats that are fast making a fine reputation.

But for sheer luxury the silk Burberry, lined with silk, takes some beating. The silk is proofed before and after weaving; the coat is classic in line and costs £36 15s. A coat to write a testimonial about, from rain forests or the Arctic wastes of the British Isles.

DINING IN

Be artful with your salads

Helen Burke

GREENGROCERS' AND FRUITERS' shops and stalls abound, in June, in tempting garden produce. Much of what has been imported up to this month—potatoes, roots, greens and tomatoes—is now being replaced by home-grown vegetables and fruits, than which there are no finer anywhere. Home-grown tomatoes, for instance, excel both in colour and flavour.

Conventional salads figure largely in early-summer meals. A selection of any salad vegetables—lettuce, cucumber, tomatoes, beetroot, watercress, spring onions and radishes—makes an attractive dish. But do not mix them in a salad bowl. Arrange them separately in groups on a large shallow platter, and pass with them French dressing, mayonnaise or a good salad cream. Then each person can choose what he or she prefers.

I would never mix beetroot with greens. Though pleasingly colourful, when greens or even tomatoes are stained with it they are less appealing to the eye.

Young VEGETABLE MARROWS are just coming in. I always envy the housewife-cook who has a garden in which she can pick the tender young marrows as they come along.

Marrows are really best when they are small and you can eat every bit of them. As they grow older they grow coarser, and their seeds have to be removed and thrown away.

For a simple but delicious luncheon dish, wipe one or two small unpeeled marrows with a damp cloth. Cut them into slices and fry them in butter. When they are cooked, pour over them as many well-seasoned beaten eggs as you require and continue to cook until they are set.

Or cook the sliced young marrows in a casserole in butter, with salt and pepper to taste.

While salads of raw vegetables are the easiest to prepare, there is much to be said for those in which the various ingredients are cooked. At the moment I suggest a mixture of young carrots and turnips, new peas, French beans and new potatoes. Have equal quantities of these and cook them separately, having them slightly underdone rather than overcooked. When ready drain them well and leave them to become cold. Dice the carrots, turnips and potatoes and slice the French beans into "diamonds." Serve in groups, as above, or mix the lot together and

coat them well with a dressing of two-thirds olive oil, one-third vinegar and salt, pepper and made mustard to taste, all well whipped together.

For a RUSSIAN SALAD, strew through the vegetables thin strips of cooked beef, lamb, tongue, veal, chicken or ham. Finally, mask all with mayonnaise and chill in the refrigerator until wanted.

Trout are at about their best this month. They are fragile fish. To prevent them breaking up, have them cleaned through the gills. Choose rainbow trout for preference. I think that the best way to deal with small trout is to fry them in butter, first coating them with seasoned medium oatmeal. This is a favourite way in Scotland where, incidentally, fresh herrings are treated in a similar way. Or dip them in seasoned flour and fry them on both sides in butter. These are TRUITES MEUNIÈRE—trout in the manner of the miller's wife.

The legend of the "meunière" is that the miller caught some trout from the brook, cleaned them (through the gills!) and handed them to his wife who, at the moment, was busy baking bread. She received them with floury hands and, in due course, the flour-coated fish were cooked in butter. I always liked that story. But now I have come across another version.

In his *French Cooking for the Home*, Louis Diat, the famous chef of the one-time Ritz-Carlton in

New York, says that his brother told him how *Truites Meunière* acquired the name. It seems that at Royat, near Clermont-Ferrand in France, there was an inn in the early 19th century called La Belle Meunière, where the freshly-caught trout were always served in the favourite local way—*sautéé* and dressed with brown butter.

"Once, when Napoleon was in the neighbourhood, he ate brook trout at La Belle Meunière and they were so delicious that he said trout prepared in this manner should always be called 'Belle Meunière.' And so they are to this day."

TRUITES AUX AMANDES is an excellent dish, especially in Switzerland, but now to be found almost everywhere in France. The almonds in this case are flaked, but it is not always easy to buy them in a shop or store so try your baker. Failing that, blanch and skin shelled almonds and cut them into shreds.

Heat together 1½ oz. butter and a dessertspoon of olive oil. In this gently fry 4 to 6 oz. flaked almonds to a golden brown. Lift them out and keep them warm. Have ready 4 cleaned trout, for 4 servings, dipped in seasoned flour. Add another 1½ oz. butter to the pan and fry the trout, on both sides, for 7 to 8 minutes in all. Lift them on to a heated serving dish and sprinkle the almonds over them. Garnish with slender wedges of lemon.

Fillets of sole and plaice can be cooked and served in the same way.

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MOTORING

I join a shooting squad

Gordon Wilkins

WHEN I GO TO THE CINEMA I AM happy to be deceived, for I am always fascinated by the miracles the property men and scene builders can perform with lath, plaster and other simple materials. Part of the fascination is trying to spot the flaws that give away how it was done. Sometimes the laws of nature defeat the technicians. In a sea battle, they may go to enormous trouble to build scale-model ships complete with miniature guns fired electrically, belching forth real smoke and flame—but you can't make scale-size waves to perfection, for the drops of spray which are torn off the top by the wind machines usually look like great blobs the size of a man's head and give the whole game away.

So I knew I was taking on a tough assignment when M.G.M. invited me last summer to be technical adviser on their motor-racing film *The Green Helmet*, which has just been released. The tempo of production matched the speed of the subject. Chuck Vetter, the producer, was creating something of a record by having bought Jon Cleary's novel, got the film story written, found the director and cast and started production in only seven weeks. Mike Forlong, the director, was determined that the film was not going to be just one more "ludicrous beanfeast of histrionics" as he put it. But recreating three major motor races, Le Mans, Sebring and the Mille Miglia, on a limited budget is not easy, particularly in the fickle English climate.

My dream of designing an original new body for the Launder Special,

the key sports-car in the film, was replaced by a frantic weekend of work with the studio technicians transforming a Lister Jaguar with hastily sketched nose, carburetter air intake and new rear wings. And no sooner was it completed than it was wrecked in a real, not a faked, crash on a road near the Llanberis pass, that had been disguised with Italian signs and stone posts to look like part of the Mille Miglia course. Within hours another identical Lister Jaguar had been acquired, disguised and pressed into use, while mechanics went to work to make the wrecked one look like a new car, half-built, for some of the garage interior shots.

Expensive days went by with the stars, Bill Travers, Nancy Walters, Syd James and Ed Begley, plus a small army of technicians and extras, sitting around at Silverstone waiting for the rain to stop. And when it did, new problems arose. Late one afternoon after a wasted day the sun came out. So make-up and property men went to work, the cars were dried off and warmed up, lighting and camera crews set up the shots and everything was ready to roll—when the continuity girl pointed out that the sun had now completely dried the track. This would never do, because the previous shot had shown a *wet* track. So everyone stopped while the fire brigade pumped 400 gallons of water on to the track, but by the time they had finished it was raining again, and shooting was off for the day.

Another whole afternoon went by while a stunt driver tried to overturn an elderly Oldsmobile, acquired for

a crash scene. First its ignition system failed. Then the jolting stirred up dirt in the tank which blocked its whole fuel system. Finally, in desperation, the producer himself put his own car behind it and pushed it flat out to its doom up a ramp where it took off and rolled over and over to an accompaniment of smoke and flame effects.

The pits at Le Mans and Sebring, and the starting ramp at the Mille Miglia were recreated with minute accuracy on the outdoor studio lots. During the all-night sessions when the pit scenes at Le Mans were shot it was easy to imagine that one was really watching the race again. The shots of the Mille Miglia start, too, have been interspersed so skillfully with contemporary film taken during a real race that I sometimes found it difficult to sort them out.

Roy Salvadori and John Coundley spent hours doing the stunt driving for race and test run incidents at Silverstone, handicapped to a surprising extent by the inherent stability of the modern sports and racing car, which gives it a high natural resistance to spectacular skids and spins of the premeditated kind. What with the weather and the technical problems, one of the most spectacular accidents, where the Lister Jaguar (driven by Roy Salvadori) crashes through a retaining wall, had to be shot late in a dismal evening just as the sun was setting. It was difficult to see how this was going to match up with earlier shots made on a bright sunny morning, but camera men and printing laboratories are also full of resource and ingenuity.



Filming The Green Helmet: Driver Roy Salvadori discusses with director Mike Forlong a car he has expertly slid through a retaining wall at Silverstone. Above: Bill Travers and Nancy Walters, the stars, with world champion driver Jack Brabham, who also took a leading part

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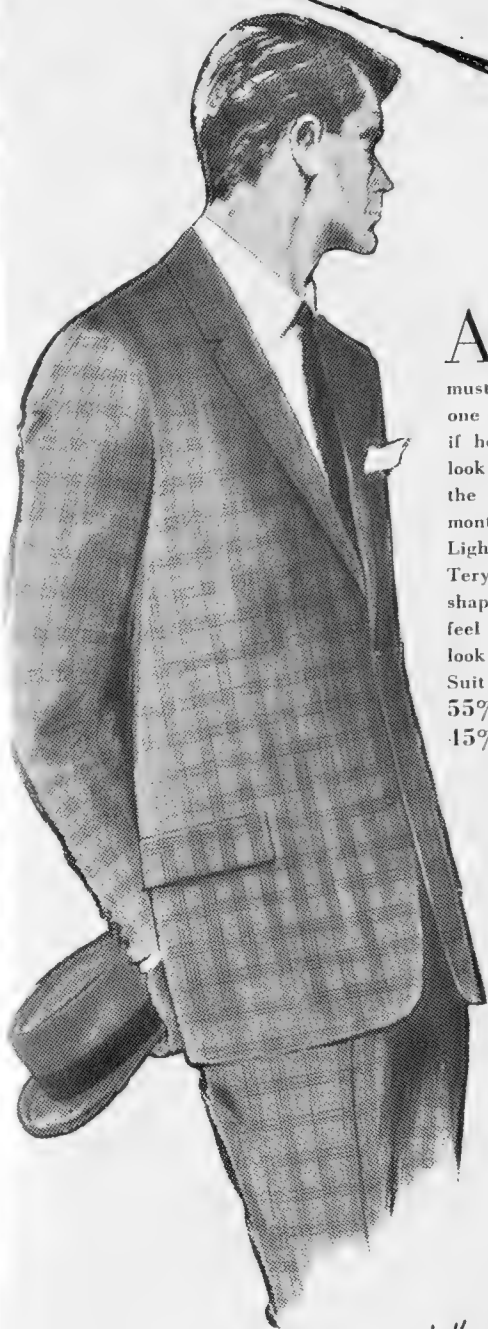
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Weddings



Hanbury—Assheton: Juliet, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Hanbury, of Juniper Hill, Burnham, Buckinghamshire, was married to the Hon. Ralph Assheton, elder son of Lord & Lady Clitheroe, at Chelsea Old Church, London, S.W.3



Nicholson—Luce: Rose Helen, daughter of Sir Godfrey Nicholson, Bt., M.P., & Lady Katharine Nicholson, of Bussock Hill House, Newbury, Berkshire, was married to Richard Napier, son of Sir William & Lady Luce, of Fovant, Wilts, at the Temple Church

Lush—Tegner: Meriel Helen, younger daughter of Brig. & Mrs. Maurice S. Lush, of Brantridge Forest, Balcombe, Haywards Heath, Sussex, was married to Ian Nicol, son of Mr. & Mrs. Sven S. Tegner, of Kilninver, by Oban, Argyll, at St. Mary's, Balcombe



McLaughlin—Oswald: Juliet Marie-Thérèse, daughter of the Rev. Patrick & Mrs. McLaughlin, of St. Anne's House, Soho, was married to Peter David Hamilton son of Capt. G. H. Oswald, R.N. (retd), & the late Mrs. Oswald, at St. George's, Hanover Square

Toler-Aylward—Fisher: Ann, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. V. G. Toler-Aylward, of Moreton Pinkney, Northamptonshire, was married to Ian, elder son of Mr. Alan Fisher, of Cockermouth, Cumberland, and Mrs. Whitecomb, of Dedham, Massachusetts, at St. Mary's Church, Whittlebury



In our issue of May 24 the captions of the two wedding photographs (Henderson—Fenn-Smith and Evans—Lawes) were transposed. We regret this, and apologize for any inconvenience it has caused

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FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. H. M. Hellet and Miss E. M. Ireland

The engagement is announced between Harold Mark, fourth son of Mr. Henry J. Hellet and the late Mrs. Hellet, of Park Farm, Stonely, Hunts, and Elinor Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Ireland, of The Ranch, Stonely, Hunts.

Mr. A. M. Findlay and Miss A. K. Savery

The engagement is announced between Alastair McIntosh, son of Mr. David Findlay and the late Mrs. Findlay, of Edinburgh, and Anne Katherine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. L. Savery, of Forge Cottage, Pillerton Hersey, Warwickshire.

Mr. J. M. H. Dadswell and Miss M. E. Elmhirst

The engagement is announced between John Mervyn Hart, son of Dr. and Mrs. Cyril John Dadswell, of 29 Ivy Park Road, Ranmoor, Sheffield, 10, and Margaret Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Jackson Elmhirst, of Four Winds, Sledgate Drive, Wicksteley, near Rotherham.

Mr. R. J. Stone and Miss J. A. Penrose

The engagement is announced between Richard John, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Stone, of Mount View, Overland Road, Mumbles, Swansea, and Jean Allison, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Penrose, of Haresfield, Southward Lane, Mumbles, Swansea.

Mr. F. R. Colley and Miss E. W. Gledhill

The engagement is announced between Francis Ramsden, son of Mrs. K. D. Colley, Woodroyd, Wetherby Road, Harrogate, and the late Mr. W. R. Colley, and Elisabeth Wendy, elder daughter of Mr. E. Gledhill, Grannum Lodge, Edgerton, Huddersfield, and the late Mrs. Gledhill.

Mr. J. R. Gribble and Miss E. P. Hunt

The engagement is announced between John Rogers Gribble, son of Mrs. A. M. Gribble and the late Mr. H. R. Gribble, of Roydene, Albany Road, Redruth, Cornwall, and Eileen Patricia, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hunt, of Penrose, Clinton Road, Redruth.

Mr. A. Derbyshire and Miss J. A. Tipton

The engagement is announced between Antony, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Derbyshire, of 33 Wylde Green Road, Sutton Coldfield, and Jessica Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Tipton, of 4 Bell Lane, Ludlow.

Mr. J. O. Sims and Miss G. E. Greig

The engagement is announced between John Osborne, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Sims, Winchendon House, Borrowdale, Southern Rhodesia, and Gillian Elizabeth, daughter of Mrs. Greig, and the late Rev. G. G. F. Greig, Garlands, Ewhurst, Surrey.

Mr. D. G. S. Mardall and Miss M. R. U. Leishman

The engagement is announced between David George Stratford, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. C. Mardall, of Kingsweir, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, and Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. T. R. Leishman, of Westover, Kingswood, Surrey.

Mr. R. D. Montgomerie and Miss G. A. Pears

The engagement is announced between Robert David, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Montgomerie, of 124 Cassiobury Drive, Watford, and Gillian Ann, daughter of Dr. L. R. Pears, M.B.E., J.P., and Mrs. Pears, of 12 Meadow Way, Rickmansworth.

Mr. J. R. S. Tapp and Miss T. E. Neame

The engagement is announced between Richard, third son of Lieutenant-Colonel A. G. Tapp, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., and Mrs. Tapp, of St. Nicholas Court, near Birchington, Kent, and Tessa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Neame, of Selgrove, Faversham, Kent.

Mr. R. D. Macnaghten and Miss P. A. Card

The engagement is announced between Robin Donnelly, younger son of the late Sir Harry Macnaghten and of Lady Macnaghten, of 62 Royal Hospital Road, S.W.3, and Petronella Anne, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. A. T. T. Card, of The Old Vicarage, Holt, Wimborne, Dorset.

The rate for announcements of forthcoming marriages is one guinea a line. See page 608 for details.



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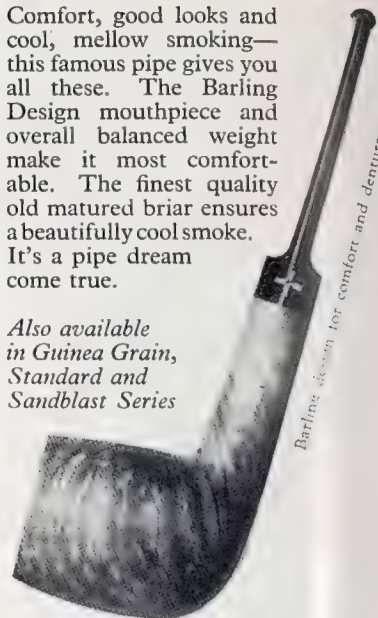
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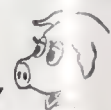
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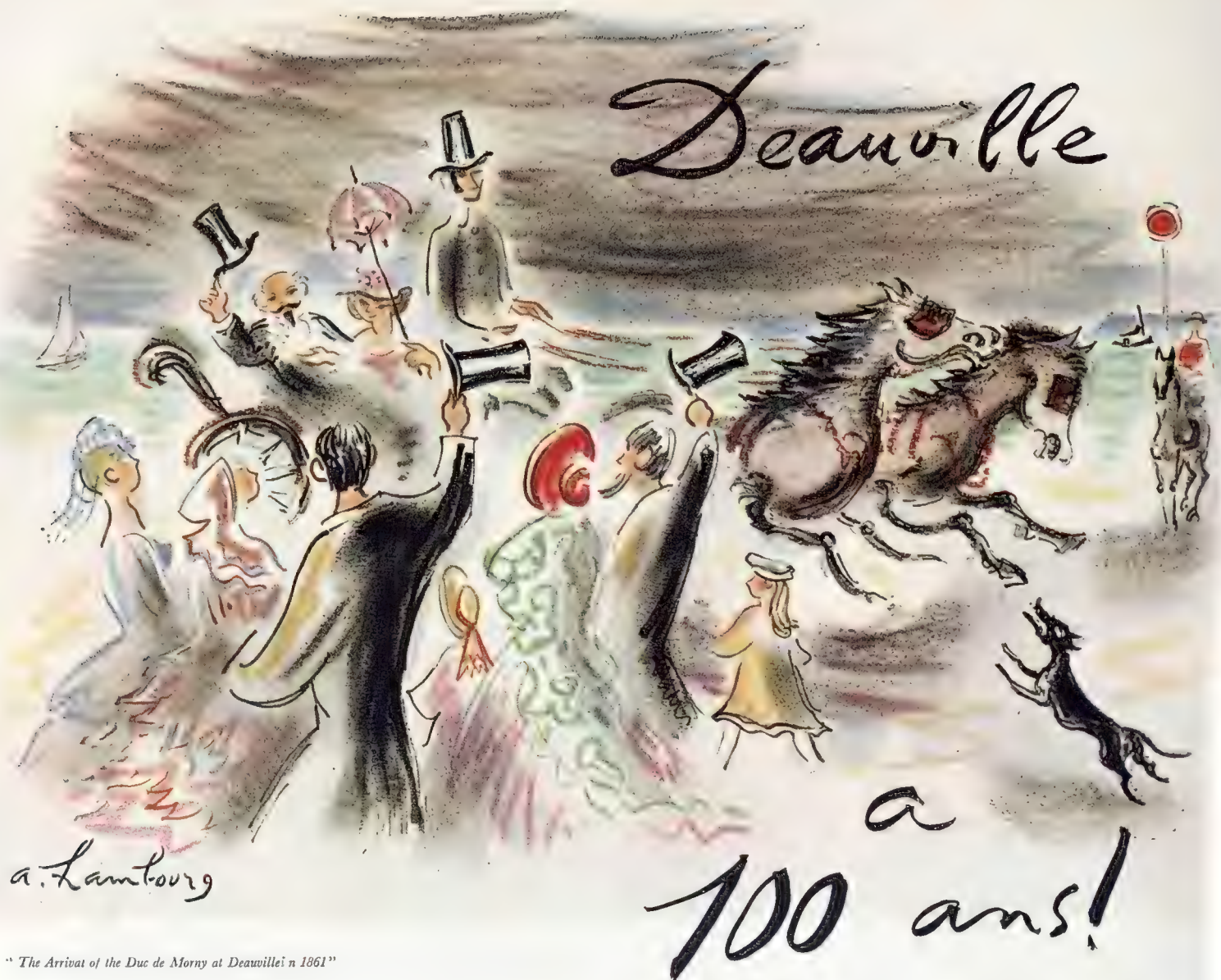
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JUNE TO OCTOBER

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JUNE-JULY ★ SPORTING EVENTS ★ AUGUST-SEPTEMBER

GOLF (2 courses) open all the year—June 22nd-26th: INTERNATIONAL AMATEURS (Ladies and Gentlemen) ★ July 24th-30th: INTERNATIONAL SENIORS WEEK ★ August 4th-7th: GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—July 15th-30th (Prizes worth 20 million old francs).

REGATTAS.—August 15th: COURSE-CROISIÈRE "COWES-DEAUVILLE".

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.—July 12th-17th: EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP FOR LADIES, under the Presidency of Prince Bernhard of Lippe.

POLO.—August: 20 INTERNATIONAL MATCHES.

On the 27th: GOLDEN CUPS (World Open Championship).

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August 6th: PRIX LE MAROIS and YACOWLEF ★ 15th: GRAND HANDICAP DU CENTENAIRE ★
20th: PRIX MORNAY ★ 27th: GRAND PRIX DU CENTENAIRE DE DEAUVILLE ★ 29th: PRIX DE LA COTE NORMANDE.

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International Bridge Tournament ★ July 9th: International Dog Show (C.A.C.I.B.)

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EXAMINATION PAPER IX CRITICISM OF CLASSICS

Comment on the comments on the following (Queen Vera XII pt. 16. Act IV sc.ii):

Another part of the ante-room. Re-enter¹ Purley & Staines.

SURB: How fare's Your Grace?

VIR: I owe but meagre² fortune of my breath³.

My Lord of Surbiton—

SURB: Most royal Queen

If I may be but cushion to your woes²⁴⁰

Then were my woe less woeful by this hap.

VER: The half of Plumstead be thy dower.

¹ Re-enter] Jones and Lipmann suggest *exeunt*.

² meagre] meagre'd Pope meagred Pooper meagrest Popit.

³ breath] death Q9 broth Ff bath Zimmerly.

237. *How fares*] This surely suggests something more than the conventional greeting of the courtier to his monarch. There is something of genuine anxiety here—of urgency, even—in the brevity of the half line.

240. *Cushion*] The local belief in the efficacy as a health charm of Pigeon's Pincushion (*Plasta malodorata*) colours this metaphor. See Emily Rice, *Plant Galls and Willow Pests*. p. 514.

241. *Woe less woeful*] An expression of hypothetical relief depending on wishes fulfilled. Cf. Messingham *Miseries of a Surreptitious Marriage* V ii "Peace as peaceful". Chipman *Tis Lucky She's from Ticester* IV iii "Woe". Cf. cp.

242. *Dower*] An anachronism. Feudal half-dowers in *donando* were instituted in 1174. Notice the characteristic carefulness, mixed with generosity, of the Queen's insistence on "half"

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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